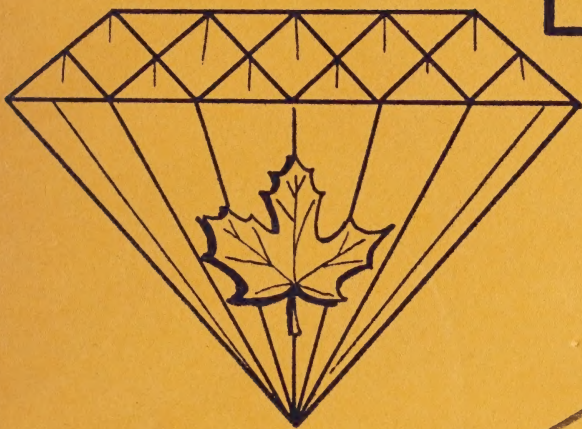
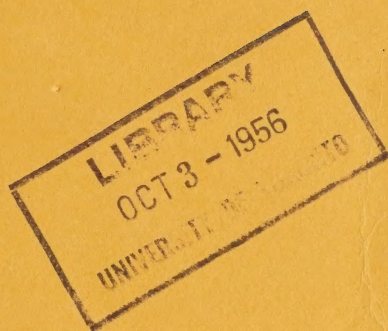


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**C.B.**



*Announcement*



*St. Valentine of the Flowers*



*Our Feelings*



*Publicity - Rehabilitation*





## THE DIAMOND

Collin's Bay, Ontario, Canada.  
(Mailing Address: Box 190, Kingston,  
Ontario, Canada)

FOUNDED A.D. MCMLI

MOTTO: PRISONERS ARE PEOPLE.

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The publication of an individual's ideas on penal reform and controversial or policy matters is not intended to be inferred by the reader as being tantamount to endorsement by the DIAMOND Editorial Staff or by Officials of the Department of Justice. The Editorial Staff of the DIAMOND take the democratic stand that every man's constructive ideas command respect and consideration, whether or not those opinions are popular.

Without official interference, the DIAMOND is written, edited, and managed by the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, with the permission of Major-General Ralph B. Gibson, C.B., C.B.E., V.D., Q.C., LL.D., Commissioner of Penitentiaries, and with the sanction of Colonel Victor S.J. Richmond, the Penitentiary Warden.

Uncredited items have been composed by the Editor. Except for quotations, all material in this magazine is written exclusively by prisoners.

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### — PLATFORM —

1. To inspire and cultivate moral and intellectual improvement amongst the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.

2. To aid in overcoming the arbitrary bias which is one of the numerous "bars sinister" to a wayward man's redemption.

3. To discuss progressive and revolutionary penological data, without recourse to partiality, favour or affection.

4. To evince Stoicism and humour, to the end that light shall obtain even in darkness.

5. To elicit the support of Society in welcoming the return of a man from prison who needs help and who is genuinely desirous of seeking his reformation in the highly competitive life of the free world.

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# COLLIN'S BAY

# DIAMOND

## - FEBRUARY -

### WORDS OF WISDOM

The skilful and unremitting use of propaganda can persuade the majority of people that Heaven is Hell or, conversely, that the most miserable existence is paradise.

..... A Philosopher

### ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL

(Roman Catholic)

Reverend Felix M. Devine, S.J.

Confessions followed by Holy Communion on Sundays, commencing at 7:30 a.m. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at 9:00 a.m. on Sundays.

### ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL

(Protestant)

Reverend Canon Minto Swan.  
M.A., B.D., E.D.

Divine service each Sunday, commencing at 8:15 a.m. Voluntary service once every two months.

### MUSIC

Mr. Harry Birchall directs the choir and provides accompaniment on the electric organ in both churches.

### OTHER DENOMINATIONS

Major William Mercer of the Salvation Army conducts weekly bible classes in the Protestant Chapel and officiates periodically at the Protestant Church Services. Rabbi Pimontel arranges spiritual and moral guidance for men of the Jewish faith.

### WORDS OF WISDOM

Believe in your own nation, religion, family and personalities, but do not try to force them down the other fellow's throat. He is entitled to keep his own opinions.

..... A Philosopher

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# From the *Works of The Masters*

Oui, oui, Monsieur, Timagami,  
I leeve dere half ma life;  
De hodder half she's up dere now;  
Babette, dat ees ma wife.

I doan' lak much dese New York girls;  
Dey ees too pale and thin;  
Where dey leave off, by gar, ma friend,  
Babette she just begin.

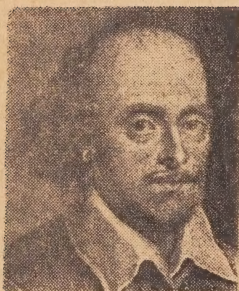
Timagami has million lakes;  
Two million lakes, may be.  
Our grocer geev wan lake away  
To let de stars go by. With every pound of tea.

Do we have storms? Sapre, dose winds  
Are swifter dan reindeer;  
Dey sometimes blow a town away;  
Dat's how I came down here.

I doan lak travel in a crowd,  
I lak to go alone.  
By gar, eet's cheaper dan de bus  
To travel by cyclone.

Our cheeldren een Timagami  
Doan' play no Blindman's Buff;  
De grizzly bear won't play wit' dem  
Because dey get too tough.

De Yankee gir, wen chile is born,  
To hospital dey go,  
And stay two weeks; and sometime tree,  
For why I'd lak to know.



SHAKESPEARE

Wen our last leetle keed she come,  
(Dat's nombre twenty four)  
Babette she took ten minute rest,  
Den feenish scrub de floor.

Do we leev long up in dat north?  
Come up dere and you'll see  
Lots men one hondred years of age  
Seet on dere grandad's knee.

We've plentie moose up dere, and wen  
You see one running loose  
Wit' thirty leetle mosse behind  
Dat's French-Canadian Moose,

Gude-bye, ma fren', come up some day  
And mak Canadian whoop.  
We geev you wheesky blanc all night;  
For breakfas' nice pea-soup.

*By Wilson MacDonald, Canadian lecturer and Poet, born at Cheapside, Ontario 1880.*



TENNYSON





Editorial

## Probation a Necessity for Rehabilitation



COUNTY Judge John Kennedy said in Peterborough at a recent trial: "Many individuals who are sentenced to jail terms should be released on probation instead."

This statement was made after a trial, on a very serious charge. A charge which Judge Kennedy settled by placing the accused on two years probation.

The learned Judge then went on to quote some figures. In England and Wales during 1954 their population was 42,000,000 persons, and, they put in prison only 33,000 and placed 40,000 on probation. With a population one eighth of England and Wales we put 28,000 persons in jail and only 5000 were placed on probation; seems to be a slight discrepancy in averages here, eh?

This probation system in England and Wales is definitely working, their crime rate is decreasing and ours? It is definitely on the increase, and please consider the millions of dollars to be spent on new penal buildings. Why not give this probation system a real try? And we have further reasonable arguments along this line, to follow.

One more quote from Judge John Kennedy, not on probation this time, but his feelings on incarceration. "*WHEN A PERSON GOES TO JAIL HE GOES TO A UNIVERSITY OF CRIME. While there he costs the State about \$4.00 a day.*"

Now, this has a more reaching effect, what about employment when he leaves the penitentiary? We are not going to fool ourselves, we realize how many obstacles we have to overcome on leaving here to gain employment. But this employment is one small but important item.

This university of crime for some reason does not appear too prominently here in Collin's Bay, but I can well imagine certain other localities where this statement could be certified as true.

All well and good, we wish to compliment the honourable Judge on his shrewd observations regarding parole, but also for his sentence in a serious case. The case in question was responsible for the remarks we have quoted previously. The sentence his Worship passed: two years probation, and this saves the State a goodly sum. The accused is saved the stigma of, and we put it mildly, of being termed an ex-inmate.

This fortunate happening saves him from suffering from a variety of obstacles, bonding companies, investigation companies, reference checks and an unexplainable lapse of time in his life. In addition, never having been locked away, there is very little chance of him becoming anti-social or making friends with real offenders.

The other side of the argument, namely the Crown Attorney, referred to the same statistics, but denied the conclusion that they pointed to something wrong in the law system.

"That would only be true if our population was as law-abiding as that of England", and then went on to say "You can't throw open our prison doors just to achieve a pleasing mathematical percentage."

"Society must be protected. We don't want to allow a dog one bone and a man one crime" end of quotes.

To say our country is less law abiding than England seems out of place to us. Because, we shall bring forth the argument: our population is predominately of British Isle extraction. And the latter part of the quote "We don't want to allow a dog one bone and a man one crime" we believe should read "A dog one bite", rather than one bone, it is probably a misprint. However it has always been quite a saying to allow a dog one bite.

As to the mathematic percentage, how else are we going to prove figures unless we give them a try. One more point we wish to put



forth, Judge Kennedy handed down a very wise and just sentence, we feel the man on probation will be extra careful as to his conduct from henceforth. The fright he received by coming so close to penitentiary will be his governing watch dog in the future.

Along probation lines another farseeing Magistrate in Hamilton, Magistrate Beamer W. Hopkins is instituting a new wrinkle in probation. Miss Edith Mailer, a probation expert for many years, and now specializing in drug addicts is going to be put in charge of supervising drug addictss on probation. What a step forward, what an advance in the handling of a difficult branch of crime.

And so the story goes, public minded Judges and Magistrates, specially trained social workers, social agencies and many prominent people deeply interested in keeping people free of prison.

And the Penologist and Penitentiary Officials also deeply involved and interested, interested in rehabilitation of the inmate. Voca-

tional courses, designed to help the man keep himself in a decent level of life on his release. But, failing probation which is designed in part to keep the shadow of a prison record from a man's name, how about giving the released inmate a clean slate?

It is a vicious circle, public spirited Judges, Magistrates, jurors and newspaper folk all attempting to get in a workable probation system. Penologists, Penitentiary administration, Vocational Officers and Social Agencies, all trying to rehabilitate us, and last but not least, a large percentage of inmates here wish to return as useful citizens of the law abiding variety, either on expiration of sentence or via ticket of leave; which is probation after all.

What do we face, two things either admit we are ex-offenders or attempt to hide the damning fact.

So gentle readers, before a man reaches this state, a state of affairs, where he has two strikes on him please let us get some kind of a just and sensible, working probation system.

**PRISON INMATES SAVE BOY'S LIFE** — Skin grafts donated by inmates of the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary helped save the life of a 14-year-old boy; the boy, whose name has been withheld at the request of his parents, was seriously burned by fire last September. Medical authorities at the Montreal General Hospital said the boy's entire skin area, with the exception of his face, was affected.

**Some 50 convicts volunteered** to donate their skin to the boy. Eight strips of skin were taken from the legs and thighs of four of the volunteers.

### MY OLD PIPE

When life seems a little too much to bear,  
When ever my temper begins to flare,  
When things in general aren't going right,  
I relax and light my old black pipe.

Smoking a habit so they say,  
But tell me is there another way  
To get the pleasure and delight  
That I receive from my old pipe.

When I decide to write a letter  
I find the words will come much better  
If before I sit down to write  
I first light up my old black pipe.

When as a lad I'd steal a smoke  
It seemed to be all cough and choke  
My stomach would turn, my tongue would bite  
But I stuck with my old black pipe.

Up through the years from boy to man,  
And I have all the gauntlets ran,  
No matter what my mood or plight  
My truest friend is my old pipe.

Jerry Parr.

### ANCIENT TEMPLE

Crumbling ruins in the trees,  
Swept ages clean by mountain breeze,  
No mortal people come and go,  
T'is by night, by pale moon glow.

Who is yonder by the portal?  
Too greenly pale to be a mortal,  
Unfaced, yet of earthly grace  
Flitting quickly from place to place.


Others now come into view,  
Each one has a task to do,  
I stand alone, fixed in fright,  
Watch the temples fire light.

Hour by hour a silent dance,  
Hidden by the jungle plants,  
Vapoury, yet crystal clear,  
I watched this worship of yester-year.






Then the hellish orgy ended,  
And the trees and wraiths had blended,  
Was it just a dream of sleep?  
Or do the dead their temple keep.

Gunner.





# St. Valentine of the Flowers



**S**AINT Valentine's Day, one of the nicest, most pleasant days that is celebrated as an unofficial holiday. Just imagine, a day devoted to love and messages of love, it is, in all seriousness a pleasant thought.

And it all had an humble and holy beginning, some 500 years ago a saintly monk devoted his time to growing flowers. Valentine was side tracked into this vocation by a lack of other skills. And being a wise and practical man he followed this gently enforced labour very thoroughly.

The story I have, and of a necessity the one I am going to put before you goes like this.

Valentine was an Italian monk, a resident of a monastery. The other monks were all highly skilled. Some were artists, sculpturing and the painting of murals came easily to them. Others were teachers, and they enlightened and broadened the minds of the students entrusted to their gentle care. The skills and arts represented in this monastery by the holy and devotedly christian brothers were varied.

And here was Valentine, he had no particular flair for teaching. He could not paint. As a sculptor he failed. One day the superior of the Monastery, in passing, suggested gently to Valentine that perhaps as a gardener he would find his function.

Thus it came to pass, Valentine dug, planted, weeded, watered, tended and finally reaped. And lo, what a display, gorgeous, exotic blooms, all tended with loving care by the earnest and dedicated Valentine.

Valentine watched his family of flowers carefully, lavishing all his extra-time and love on his beloved plants. Their seeds were as precious as pearls to him, and by careful hus-

banding his collection grew. Finally his blooms overflowed, as quickly as he pruned and cut they were replaced by their progeny. The Monastery was continually supplied with cut flowers, they overflowed from room to room. Now Valentine was happy, happier than ever before in his life. Here at last he had found his niche, a life work, and with this discovery came a mellowness. All man kind was viewed by Valentine in a new light.

He approached his superior and gained permission to place bunches of cut flowers outside the Monastery gates for passers by. Along with these he placed a small thought or a bit of poetry. Some small thought, or a bit of timely philosophy.

Throughout the length of his life Valentine carried on this charming practise. History does not record whether or not Valentine discovered or brought into being any new species of flora; but this writer after due cogitation rather likes to believe he did.

After the death of Valentine, his saintly virtues were brought to light. His love for his fellows, his untiring devotion to his flowers, and the continual gift of flowers and poetry to the people of the countryside were sufficient to have him elevated to the sainthood.

There, gentle readers, is my humble attempt to bring the story of a great man to you. A man, who found his vocation, a man who discovered you can only be happy if you are doing the work you like.

He discovered, by being content in your avocation or profession you are then in a position to have love for others.

So remember when you mail a St. Valentine card to your favourite girl; how it all started.

---

## ?? WHAT ??

What would you think of a bird, my friend,  
Which had no use for the air?  
What would you say of a maiden sweet  
Who had no wish to be fair?

Ah, what would you say of a germ-filled seed  
Which had no use for the sod?  
And what can be said of a human soul  
Who has no use for—GOD?

Or what of a pale and rain-washed flower  
Which had no use for the sun?  
Or the bounding heart of a healthy child  
That had no use for fun?



# AN INVESTMENT

THE thought behind this article was formed during a discussion on the interest rate on loans. And what a man's chances were in taking risks on the stock market. Now this is a far cry from a man doing time in the Penitentiary, yet he is an investment of yours.

First of all, you good tax payers have an investment in each and everyone of us serving a sentence. It is your hard earned money that pays for our upkeep; and every penny people put out should, if not used for their own maintenance and pleasure, produce interest.

Your children if you are fortunate enough to have any, and after you have spent a goodly sum to raise and educate them, must, to give you interest on your money make you proud of them. By their progress in their chosen field and by adding to your good name, not necessarily monetary return on your investment, but by prestige.

Your tax money is used in various ways, some of it to develop this country of ours. A percentage to maintain our Army and Navy. Our roads, highways and water-way systems to attract tourists and carry our commerce take a good chunk of you, the tax payers money. From these outlays you receive interest. If this was not so, our taxes would be too heavy for our small population to carry.

Facts and figures could be given to you on what the Penitentiaries of Canada cost you. Charts could be drawn up to show and illustrate the percentage of recidivism in each group of criminal activity. These would bore rather than enlighten, and who remembers stark figures, so let us progress into the real sum and substance.

Why are people sent to prison? For committing crimes, what else? And what do you expect to gain by sending a man to prison? To this last question there are two answers, both quite correct, but one is the logical reply.

Let us take the illogical answer first. This is, "Why to prevent him from further law-breaking activities, what else?" This is away off, to deter is not the answer, in fact it leads to bitterness on the part of the offender. And is the start of a crazy merry-go-round which will lead to further sentencing, more financial outlay, more bitterness, etc., etc.

The logical answer is, to straighten his thinking out, re-educate him and if necessary teach him a trade so that on his return to society he can earn a decent living. This way the offender takes his place as a tax payer and lightens (in a very small way) the burden of other tax payers.

You, the tax payers have contributed by your tax money to the convicted man's care and maintenance while he served his sentence. On his release, you the public must, if you are going to receive any interest on your investment in his sentence accept him. He must be accepted back on the same level as the man without a record, otherwise your tax money has been run down the drain in waste.

The prisons of today are radically changed from the prison of only 5 years ago. Today, rehabilitation is stressed, and here in the Bay, Vocational Training is an extremely important factor in replacing a career of crime with an industrial vocation. Large sums of money are spent in equipping vocational training shops and competent instructors are hired to pass their knowledge on to Vocational Trainees, so that on the offenders's release he can earn a livelihood by pursuing a trade. Where do you come in, where do you get interest on your money?

Remember, this ex-inmate of a penitentiary must have a job, he must earn a living, he has the same eating habit as you have. And despite the fact he has served a penitentiary sentence, he is a human being. If obstacles are placed in his pursuit of employment because he has been in a prison, what will the result



be? Failing decent employment there is a possibility he will revert to crime. Then what, the merry-go-round, arrest, trial, conviction and imprisonment.

The figures on recidivism are changed, the penologist sighs, shakes his head and wonders where he fell down in his profession. The Vocational Officers and Instructors wonder if they were at fault, if by chance they had overlooked some point in their careful training. Everyone who had cause to have a hand in the man's guidance during his incarceration feel let down, why, the public held the man's past against him.

And what of the man, the ex-inmate who resumes his former status as an inmate. He begins to wonder if perhaps he is not cut out to be an honest man. So during his new term

of imprisonment he seeks to learn all he can. But not along vocational training lines, no, this time he searches out well grounded criminals and turns his immediate vicinity into a miniature crime school. And his attitude, "well I tried to find a job, but everyone said: Oh no, you're an ex-inmate of a Federal Penitentiary"; what do you think?

Well here is what I think. On leaving here I do not want any sympathy or charity. I want a job. And anyone I see regarding employment I shall tell at once, I am an ex-inmate of a penitentiary. They can take it from there, but please Dear Public, try to visualize us as people. We want to contribute something to the common cause, and the great majority of us if our records are overlooked will give an employer loyalty, honesty and a days work worthy of anyone!

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## ROMANTIC LOVE

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By Marshall Tripp

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**F**EBRUARY though it be wet and cold, icy and slushy this month has great significance, for on the 14th. we celebrate St. Valentin's Day, the Saint of the flowers. Along with Saint Valentine, Old Dan Cupid his partner also shares in the honours.

Love, a word with many meanings and many misuses. The usual meaning of love is; to regard with a strong feeling of affection or to be devotedly attached to. To regard with the characteristic feelings of one sex toward the other. Or to be tenderly attached to, the latter is the definition we are most interested in coming into the St. Valentine day period.

Love is a powerful word and has been for many centuries, the Babylonians knew it, early Britons knew it. And the writer supposes in the early forms of life on our sphere it existed, what else is there to suppose? Myself, I have been through the various love stages for 27 years and hereby declare I am a firm believer in love. Despite the writings in this issue, along different lines, by another writer, Love is wonderful.

Now, how does love come to two people of the opposite sex? By several means, physical attraction, mutual beliefs and likes, continued mutual affiliations, by complete comfort and happiness in each others prescence.

We must not overlook the first love of

school or high school, this form is usually mistakenly termed puppy love, many people claim it is just an itchy sensation around the heart. An itch you cannot relieve by scratching, yet look back, we all fondly remember our first love.

There is a type called "Love at First Sight", here we have two people who instinctively know they were made for each other. Surprisingly enough this quite often works out well.

Also we have the love that has grown over a period of months or years; viz; a man and girl work in the same office for months or even years, finally they become aware of each other as Man and Woman, result: love.

The matchmaker type must also be praised and brought forth. She or He, take it unto themselves to introduce men and women to each other, they make many of these meetings twixt the males and females they know and occasionally a love match is made. They are part of the scheme and must be admired, though to the contrary quite often they are ridiculed. Love is no respecter of age, it happens anywhere from 15 to 85 and even above the last figure mentioned. No one can say how deep a love is, for, despite our scientific advances no one has yet invented a love meter. But who would want to "machine age" this wonderful sensation? Who would, in their senses want to explain away, or bring out in cold laboratory facts what Love is? What causes boy to seek out and meet girl?

Love to me is not a disease. For unlike a disease you do not have to expose yourself to it to contact it. And thank Don Cupid or St. Valentine there are no serums for it, just good old fashioned romantic love. "Vive L'Amour."



## OUR FEELINGS

**A** HEADLINE in a newspaper from a small western Ontario City cries shame on civilization. The head-line reads: "FIVE YEAR OLD GIRL SLAIN BY DEVIATE". Just read the head line over, or has it the same effect on your stomach as it has on ours? And this came to pass in Canada.

The Police of this City made a statement to the press and it reads: "*There are 60 known sexual deviates at large in our city*". Now, for supposition sake, what if the statement to the press had been from a medical authority and read: "There are 60 known typhoid carriers in our city"! What would the public do, or how would the heads of families feel?

Do you think the public would be content to have typhoid carriers running loose to spread the dread disease? Or would they (the public) insist on having them locked up until the disease was cured, and the danger of infecting others had passed?

The statement was not an ambiguous one, it was a flat fact. Not we think there are, **not there may be**, but, "*There are 60 known sexual deviates at large in our City*"; and this is a small City. We wonder how many of these loathsome wretches are padding the streets of Toronto or say Montreal!

It strikes us as strange, consider the Societies we have for the prevention of cruelty to animals, anti-vivisection groups and an impressive list of societies all intently dedicated to preventing this, stopping that or doing something to alleviate suffering. But we know of only one group dedicated to protecting children from deviates, this group was formed by a number of parents in Toronto and is known as the "Parent's Action League". This organization we have great hopes for and trust we shall see some of their efforts pay off in new forms of legislation.

This particular article is not a criticism of police methods, but rather we are questioning the methods used at present in dealing with these creatures. Creature is the word we use to describe them for our lip curls involuntarily when we write the word deviate. It is a word that must make every parent in Canada shudder when they hear it or read it. But, how do they punish these loathsome wretches?

One case recently in St. Catharines, dealing with a deviate, a man of 28 years of age, was punished, (*here, we smile*) with a two year *suspended* sentence. And the Crown Attorney, in the accused's behalf, said the man was thoroughly embarrassed, in fact he was contrite. We know a few fellows who are presently serving indefinite sentences as habitual criminals, for monetary crimes, would plead of being embarrassed have given them a suspended sentence?

But here we are, arresting deviates, *taking them to trial and giving them a slap on the wrist, just as you would a naughty child*. But a thief, a man who steals the public's money, after three convictions may spend the rest of his life in Penitentiary; looks as though our children are second place.

We must face up to the fact, these aberrants are mentally unsound, little is known about what causes them to have what authorities term "urges". So why not establish a separate Institution for them and give them psychiatric treatment, at the same time a special medical board could be set up to study their behaviour pattern. Their sentence to this Institution would of course be of an indefinite nature. And kept locked up until such time as the authorities are certain beyond any doubt they can be released without fear of further depredations.

**But please do not sentence them to Reformatory or Penitentiary to inflict their nasty and unclean thoughts and ideas on the younger and impressionable inmates.** Here they would merely put in their time, looking forward to their day of release and further attacks on young, innocent children. The sentence to prison simply deters the sexual criminal, *it does not cure*. So if you cannot cure at least deter.

So, we suggest a separate institution with Psychiatrists, a staff of male nurses and given whatever treatment the Psychiatrists see fit to give them. The alcoholic or the drug addict are accorded special treatment when they reach the last stages, so why not the sexual deviate?

Surgery has been mentioned as a way to check the deviate, but we can well imagine the hue and cry of well intentioned groups who wait for a cause to champion. And it seems once public temper cools down they are accorded sympathy.

Well there it is, the way we inmates of a penitentiary feel, much the same as you people outside we imagine. But you can do something about it, we are in a position where all we can do is write.





## KAMPUS KWEERIES

by "The Marshall"

is no doubt but as a child she grew three ways. Up out and ugly. What would you do if you were me?

Horsepower Gerry.

Horses won't bite you Gerry:-

*Well direct current, use that 175 lbs of jumping, dancing dynamite, just you forget the Gal friend and make friends with a lot of Milk wagon horses in Hamilton, guess the cops have forgotten you by now.*

Horse Lover Marshall.

Monsieur Marshall:-

I am getting awfully lonesome, I want to be squeezed! I want to be hugged! I want to be held! please, oh, please, what should I do??

Dear Sex Gun:

*I must be very brief, get a girdle.  
Gottcha Marshall.*

Old Man Marshall:-

What kind of a wife would you advise me to get when I get out?

Gary the boxer:

Dear Gary:-

*Your not punchy, your nuts, by all means pick a single girl and leave the wives alone. Remember that song dedicated to O'Keefe's Brewery: "You ferment for me".*

K.O. Marshall.

Dear Uncle Marshall:-

Wow, have I got a problem; my time is getting short now I must go out and face my ugly old Girl Friend, guess may be you should know some thing about her first.

There's only one thing wrong with her face; it sticks out of her dress. I'll never forget those big brown eyes, especially the left one, of late she always wears open toed shoes, they come in handy if she has to count up to twenty; she's always wanting something so I gave her a twelve piece silver set, eleven dimes and a quarter and do you know she has a supreme court figure—no appeal; I can well remember the night I took her into a bar for a drink, and three drunks left and went to A.A. there

Dearest Marshall:-

I don't drink, chew, smoke or go out with girls, will I live to be a hundred?

Fatso Humphry.

Listen Kittle head:-

*No, but it will sure seem like it. What do you do for a good time, write poetry? and lay off that Dearest stuff.*

Marshall.

Dear Marshall:-

Of late I have written half a dozen or so poems, all in my estimations very good. These poems required plenty of effort and thought. To my surprise they were never published. What's the matter with the Diamond?

Byron Browning Service.

Dear Service Station:-

*In Copper plate script yet. With the Diamond there is nothing wrong. However, your poems; please, plagiarism is a nasty word; and nasty words, stop, we have censors.*

Long haired Marshall..

Dear Kweerie:

Fine column you run, enjoy every minute of it. Tell me how do you do it? Please print this as it is, no change please.

Signed: Frustrated.

Dear Frustie:-

*There is never any change where we are concerned. And speaking of change, you talk*  
(Continued on Page 11)



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# PRISON DIVORCE

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**D**IVORCE: a word with ugly implications, and to complete the title two words directly opposed. Prison to hold, divorce to separate, and now incongruously coupled to form the head line of my article.

Through the past years divorce has caused people a great amount of suffering. In some, I shall not use the word "some" but rather "most", as in most cases both parties suffer; the innocent as well as the guilty. However it is my feeling that divorce in some cases is the reasonable way out. If the couple are enduring mental, physical or other hardship through being mated they are much better off to use the sensible solution of dissolution.

Many people on the outside find it difficult to live amicably with their husband or wife. But the rules of convention prevent them making the great step; proceedings by law to dissolve the unhappy union. Or have you ever heard the silly hackneyed phrase "There has never been a divorce or any scandal of this sort in our family". And so two people, continue on in a loveless and quite often bickering excuse for married life.

Now this may have started out as the perfect love match. However as they grew to know each other, (Many times after a year or so of marriage) one or the other has proven immature, incompetent, intolerant or unable to live to the rules laid down by canonical and civil law.

And what is all this leading up to? My own marriage of course and the subsequent events leading to my divorce. I married under very trying circumstances, however one thing I want clearly understood, my wife was told the whole story before our marriage. She knew my background from beginning to end; if there can be any credit given I wish to claim it for being fully honest. There was nothing left out of the pre-marriage confession I made to her, understand, good.

After a few months of marriage and a taste of happiness, incidentally it was happiness of such a depth that I wanted it to continue, we then talked the whole issue over. Then we decided to return to Toronto where I was wanted by the police and gave myself up as a start

to get a solid foundation for our happiness. I wanted that permanent foundation on which to found our marriage, a foundation on which our love and happiness would be secure, I had to clear my past.

Thus it was, after a trial I was given a sentence of five years in Penitentiary. There was no bitterness in me, I held no grudges and to be perfectly honest I was relieved. It was, to me, a small price to pay for the happy future I anticipated on my release. My guilt was established in my mind and I realized fully I had the term to serve and fully intended to serve it gracefully and quietly.

But as stated earlier in this article, many people find it difficult to live peacefully and amicably under ideal conditions on the outside. Can you imagine how long a marriage can last with one half of the contract serving a five year jail term?

Well, let me give you a look into the picture as it unfolded. The mail was wonderful and continuous from my wife for the first 12 months of my sentence. I was reasonably happy on the way she was bearing up, however a man in the Penitentiary develops his latent instincts, and one of the instincts brought to the fore is his psychicalness. A man doing time senses forecoming events very quickly. A little phrase here; the time marked on the cancellation stamp on an envelope; oh such small things to you on the outside. The letters gradually tapered off, and frankly I began to do "tough time". Sympathy is not being solicited at this point, fact of the matter is I am attempting to depict the feelings of a man in prison during a very trying time. For after all prisoners are people, and we do not check our feelings, minds and instincts in a convenient cloak room on the way in here.

So the space between letters widened and my frustration increased, what can you do from behind four walls? And I continued to remind myself. These feelings I kept bottled up inside of me, this stoicism I know now was a mistake, but the other men here have their own troubles and I did not feel it would be fair to burden any of them with my load of grief.

Now we come to the day of my wife's last visit. I was filled with impatience and joy at



the thought of seeing her again. But take it from me I left a much sadder and wiser man, when the visit ended. For the first thing she told me was she had found someone else. She confessed the whole love affair to me and asked me for a divorce. Have you ever had the world pulled from under your feet, and under the conditions in which you visit in a Penitentiary at that? Well, there it was, right on the line, divorce, a prison divorce.

So in summing up the visit, I admire my wife for being so frank. It is much better for me to have all my shocks now, while I am in the process of rebuilding my life. Much better now rather than when I exit from here. A shock of this type and size after serving my sentence could possibly be the start of a return trip to these hallowed walls and this I don't want, no sir.

I know now I shall have a prison divorce before I leave here. I am not bitter or disillusioned, on the contrary, the few months of happiness I enjoyed during my brief marriage were not a miracle. I am sure there is someone else waiting some where for me. Some one possessing the same qualities as my ex-wife. Only this time there will be no prison sentence to break it up.

This divorce question is an ever present "bete noire" to the inmate of a federal institution, people forget very quickly. But the man whose wife or loved one waits for him faithfully and patiently is one person to be treasured and protected forever. To be thoroughly considered and never put in a position where the two distasteful words are coupled into unison to form the title Prison Divorce. Thank you for being patient enough to hear me out.

**AVOID IMPRISONMENT WHEREVER POSSIBLE.** — Probation was founded in the United States and has been developed across the years. You in the United States do not regard probation an act of clemency, but a method of helping both the offender and society. You feel that it is essential to avoid imprisonment wherever possible, not only because of the costs of imprisonment, but also because probation can be applied without removing the probationer from his employment and family, and because of your lack of confidence in the reformation of the offender through imprisonment.

I also observed that probation is used to a greater extent in the United States. The latest figures show that probation is used in about 30 to 35 percent of all criminal cases in the federal courts compared to 23 to 30 percent in Denmark.

## KAMPUS KWEERIES

*like a character who has been short changed.  
But thank you kindly for the compliment.  
How I do it, must from you remain a secret.*

*Still doing it Marshall.*

Dear Herr Von Marshall:-

Yah, here am I, mitt vun or three ferry goat questions, yah so it iss. Foreign correspondent needs it de Diamond. Unt for sure also a political Editor, so for both I apply.

Johann Schmidt.

Dear John:

*Sorry no foreign correspondent permitted.  
To us, Political reporters and editors are limited to our own elections, so keep your job on the sausage machine. Suggest you write a*

(Continued from Page 9)

*series for us on Rhine Castles, or Rhine Wine, castles are built on rocks so make mine Rhine wine on Rocks. Thanks for the Herr, our Editor needs it.*

*E. Feldwebel Marshall.*

Dear Adding Machine Marshall:-

Who is 4242? Who is the Cabin Boy? Who is the Ear? Who is the Gunner? ? ?

Dear Whosie?

*Never mind terming me machine Marshall. 4242 is the number following 4241. The cabin boy is a figment of our fruitful imagination. Joe Clark is the ear, at least we have been told. The Gunner is a Poet, doing time for not having a license.*

*International adding Marshall.*





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# ADVENTURE IN GERMANY

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MANY people, in their lives, have had some happening; an accident perhaps, that with its force has pulled them up short. I am, in my poor bumbling manner going to attempt to put words together, and bring to you the story of a strange unexplainable episode in my life. A chapter that left me puzzled.

It was in March 1945, in Germany, I had gone across into the Fatherland with the first wave of troops. Our starting point was Nimegen in Holland, which city we were going to use as our supply point.

From the first day in this section of Germany, I felt an affinity. I had previously been in Germany a few months before, with the Americans, around the Aachen Area. There I had never encountered the feeling my mind now housed. It was a strange unearthly feeling of having being there before. Wherever I turned there was the feeling of knowing the place, almost a feeling of belonging, I trust I have made my feeling clear, however more later.

On we moved to the slaughter ground at Arheim, we were awe-struck at the damage, first by our Paratroops, later by the incessant hammering of Air Force and Artillery. In this city, my "feeling" as I was now terming it, was there, but I was too busy to exercise it.

In the ensuing days we moved through farming areas, to placate my mind, I would attempt to draw parallels. Parallels between our Canadian farms and the German Agrarian setups. No, the one farmer in the Sherman tanks would shake his head and assure me there was no similarity. No likeness between Canadian farms and German tillage.

I continued to compare the landscape with various parts of our country. Sometimes I

would have my mind at ease by saying a certain view reminded me of Muskoka or Haliburton, or perhaps the area around Oshawa or Whitby, but alas the background would not hold up sufficiently to ease whatever the unrest was inside of me.

Now, please be patient, twas ten years ago this happened, to my memory, reviewing it now, it is still deep freeze fresh. As we progressed into Hitler's stronghold, the feeling became stronger. I became perturbed, too many objects, houses, buildings and small villages looked familiar. I questioned my close friends whether or not they ever had similar feelings, and particularly the ones who had suffered from battle fatigue. Small help from these quarters.

Many prisoners were passing along the roads, and at times we spoke to them. My knowledge of the Germanic tongue was small at this time, but to my surprise it grew with leaps and bounds. At every chance, I would in conversation with prisoners add five or six words to my hoard of Deutsch.

One explanation, self given, was that during our stay in Holland I had picked up some of the Holland's tongue. But this rang about the same as any other self given explanation or excuse, no consolation there.

So we came to the town of Goch, part of the Siegfried fortifications, ever been there? Well, this was my first trip there, but I had one whale of a time convincing myself. This was the peak of my feeling. I knew this town, practically house by house. It's long, narrow, cobbled street, with the sharp curve at it's end, I knew!

Now, going over in my mind coldly, I could not connect any Ontario town, nor for that matter, no village or town in Canada came



anywhere near to resembling this town. Tell me, why this strange feeling of having been here before did it foretell doom for me? Frankly, I was puzzled and to say I was perturbed is putting it mildly.

I pored over maps for a clue, pictures in the houses were familiar. Stores and public buildings were just where I expected them to be. The town for this person had no mysteries. Even smells were familiar, this was indeed upsetting.

Our Medical Officer, a very fine understanding man, paid our troop a visit, and when he had finished his official business I cornered him. I sketched briefly the symptoms, and let him in on how I felt about the whole thing. Hallucinations were mentioned, oh yes, by me. He for the first time I had ever heard the word mentioned flash-backs, but these he explained were merely a momentary thing, how to explain mine of many days duration he admitted, was beyond him.

My family I know have been in Canada for five generations. And I can truthfully say I have seen my great Grand mother's grave in Toronto, in St. James Cemetery at Danforth and Parliament Streets. All this seems out of place, but I went over thoroughly all our family names. In my mind I checked and cross checked everything I knew of our family background. All I had heard in family group

chatter, tried to remember the pages in the family bible devoted to births, marriages, baptisms, no evidence of German relatives.

Part of my research along family lines was based on the thought that perhaps a portion of a person ancestors lived on in him. Some tiny microscopic portion, yet strong enough to cause him to recall, remember, recognize or whatever you care to call it. So I found myself, bewildered and actually nonplussed.

Our troops were using the house of the Burgomeister of Goch for our headquarters; we were awaiting rear echelon to send us some re-enforcements. The outfits had suffered a few casualties in the attacks we had engaged in. Next door to the house of the mayor, was a cemetery, nice quiet next door neighbours. I was curious, and one morning early, I ventured into the old burying ground.

Going from tombstone to vault and from vault to family plot reading the ancient epitaphs took the better part of an hour. Finally before me was a flat tomb-stone, on the ground. Reading the name on the stone, and trying to decipher what his family said about him took a few minutes of deep concentration. Then my eyes caught the date of his death, April 12th/1912.

I wonder if there could be any connection between the facts; the day this Gunther Straub died was the day I was born?



## *Special For Our Readers . . .*

The Collin's Bay DIAMOND proudly announce the beginning of a startling series entitled "**INSIDE COLLIN'S BAY**".

Starting ??? In the **MARCH ISSUE** and continuing for a period of four months.

Sensational, revealing, startling, enlightening and designed to show the public how an inmate spends his time. A complete tour of the penitentiary from start of sentence to finish. From dawn to dark, you actually see every phase of an inmate's day.

Pages of photographs showing interiors of vocational training shops and related training classrooms. Articles covering the service units of the penitentiary: boiler-room, plumbing shop, tailor-shop, barber and shoe shops.

A day in the life of an inmate in the Quarry, or follow a man through a day on the utility gang.

Pictures of cell-blocks, dormitories and vocational cell-blocks actual living conditions, a tour you will never forget!

*Beginning In March*

*Don't Miss*

**"INSIDE COLLIN'S BAY"**







# WHAT WOULD YOU SAY??



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IN YOUR OPINION, DO MOST EX-OFFENDERS TRY TO GO STRAIGHT UPON RELEASE ?????

---

**First Answer: A man who has served one reformatory sentence.**

I am quite sure the majority would be quite satisfied to go straight on their release. And if they were given half a chance to prove themselves would prove to be capable of being good citizens.

One thing I would stipulate to help them prove themselves though, keep the Authorities from hounding them, please!

**Second Answer: A man who has served one previous sentence.**

Circumstances led to many of the fellows ending up in here. In many cases, liquor was the contributing factor, and if on release they continue to drink, well, back they come. However many give the bottle as an excuse, if a man goes out of here with the intention of going straight he will. Many of them will straighten out, it is all within the man himself.

**Third Answer: A man who has served two previous sentences.**

Never given it any thought until you asked me. From my point of view and I am not being humorous, some will continue on in a life of crime and not get caught. Others on release will continue in crime and get caught, they will return for another sentence, make resolutions to go straight and many will "slip" again on their next release.

**Fourth Answer: A man who has served three previous sentences.**

Yes the intentions to go straight are very strong at first. Then the resolve gradually weakens if suitable employment is not forthcoming. And then there is companionship and the companionship leads to environment, actually a lot of it is ordered through the friends a man makes. A mechanic chums with men of his own trade; the lawyer seeks companionship with other legal practitioners. But still, I do not feel any man wants to be a criminal.

**Fifth Answer: A man who has served four previous sentences.**

Definitely yes, if an employer gives you a job and trusts you it's easy to live decently. There is no percentage in crime. Now speaking for myself, if I could get a job on my release I wouldn't bother with crime. I would save up my money, get a small home together and stay put; all I need is the chance at security and a good job and my career of crime is finished.

**Sixth Answer: A man with two previous sentences.**

No, most of them are quickly discouraged because of a lack of funds on their release, other factors are the friends they have made in jail, the neighbourhood they are forced to live in because of shortage of money. But the majority, and I know what I am saying when I make this statement would welcome the chance to go straight, (at this point we had a 20 minutes debate and he gave me names of inmates who felt the same way as he does, a most impressive list of names too) if they were given the right assistance. By this I mean, keep the police off their backs, forget their past records, in general give him a real chance to prove he wants to go straight.

**Seventh Answer: A man with one previous conviction.**

Yes, and if they don't straighten out they are fools. After doing a little time here and seeing the years slide by, others progressing on the outside and you in here standing still you would be crazy not to try and live a good and decent life on release. I don't know how some of them can keep returning, it's beyond me.



Eighth Answer: **A man with two previous terms in Reformatory.**

Previously my excuse was, poor jobs, poor pay, lack of funds and you know, all the whys and buts a man can give as an excuse for himself. This time I want to go straight and the Vocational Training has taught me some self-discipline that I can do with and really needed. This release date I am equipped to go straight, the Judge did me a favour when he sent me here.

Ninth Answer: **A man with four previous sentences.**

I have no family, no one to go to for help or assistance except criminal friends. I don't know about this trip, getting sort of fed up with doing time. The way I feel now, I shall probably try to stick it out on the straight and narrow, even if it means missing a few meals.

So it goes, everyone with their own ideas of why, and all hoping they have things worked out so as to become a success on the outside. We shall continue to ask inmates each month some more questions. Have you a question you would like to ask? Send them in, we are here to serve you.

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## FAIR TRADE...

*H. Windsor*

THE Editor of the Diamond approached me on the subject of doing an article on my life, and quite frankly he caught me, for the first time in my life yours truly was at a loss for words. He went on to explain the idea was to inject a little human interest into the Diamond.

He is a good salesman and as I go over in my mind what I am going to put down on paper I have one wish; the wish is, if only I could write the way the Editor persuades.

What makes a man misbehave is of course beyond my ken, and why this one began as a child is far and away beyond me. But from an early age trouble has been my constant companion. About this companion, it must have been my own fault, for I am fully cognizant, trouble must be invited, otherwise you don't have it.

My first bit of "time" was spent at 311 Jarvis St; this is a home for incorrigibles and from what I gather, boy, I was.

This was the start, later the Industrial Training School at Bowmanville, Ontario knew me. This was at the age of ten and I was a ward of this Institution for five years. In this short period I received my complete academic education, equivalent to grade 9. Speaks well for training schools doesn't it? And as for trade training, they taught me to milk cows. Granted, farming is a wonderful business, but one would have to be a farmer's son, otherwise you could never amass sufficient money to buy a farm. But even at this early age, dreams of big cars, quick money and a fast easy life were in my mind, and many plans were formed to gain all this.

Eventually I was sent back to my people in Toronto, and from here on my life was a series of jackpots, pinches and trouble. My own making though, this is not an attempt to hide behind someone else or use an excuse. No whining or crying towel is needed.

Later on I was arrested and sentenced to Guelph Reformatory, this time in my mind I could picture me learning a trade. Ever been to Guelph? No, good. There are no trades taught there, just labour. Here you dig ditches and holes; I became a human ditch digger, no complaint on my part, it was all good healthy exercise and plenty of fresh air. But, pause for one moment, don't you think this was far enough along the line to teach me a trade. I was no longer a child and could have grasped the rudiments of a trade at this time and my term of three years certainly gave them plenty of time to instill training into me.

This was a terrific place to form partnerships though and anything I didn't know about crime was soon shown to me by other inmates. And how much better off would I be today if they had given me three years of school whilst my term was being served?

I am not bitter, the past is gone, there is the future ahead. And at last, at the end of the line, as far as reformatory and jails go, the Penitentiary is teaching me a trade. How much better and more economical it would have been if only they had given me a trade earlier in my jail career!

However, here I am, learning to be a barber and thoroughly interested in the tonsorial art too. When my release day comes, I am not leaving here alone, a trade shall be my companion. And believe me, I have made a good bargain, where my constant companion used to be trouble now it will be a trade, fairly good piece of bartering, eh?



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## Listen Here

# I Am "THE EAR"

By Buddy Bluster

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What is the story about one of our popular Committe men and the pickles?... But to keep on the same subject, this Committee man has done a perfect job for us all year and some of us appreciate it, Thanks Al Corrie.... I heard one of the paint gang making arrangements to get face cream, whats this Sam.... It seems some of the Change-room fellows are never satisfied, soap hamburgers yet....

The little Monster running around these days wondering why his girl friend does not write to him, stick to the cream puffs Monster, and stop crying... One inmate wants to know where Muscles in the Electrical gang learned the rhythmical walk he uses around here. For the enlightenment of all and sundry, he picked it up in heppo school in Guelph... Who is Ed, on New Years eve he had about twenty records played for him, is there a story here the Ear has missed... There is a Blank currently employed in the Change Room who wants to ghost write the Ear, tell me my friend what would I tell the Change Room employee who is already writing this ever popular column?... Who is it that has addresses written all over his cell wall.

Happened to hear one of the big wheels sounding off in the Shoe shop that the Diamond wouldn't dare print his name. Wonder if he is looking for some free publicity or is he another one from the same shop who likes to hear himself talk. We are in receipt of a beautiful map of Canada from Neilson Chocolate Co.....

Tony, formerly of the Engineers's Dept. rates an Orchid, because of his generous gesture another inmate had a Christmas parcel, Thanks a million Tony.... Attention Rickey Windsor, what's this we hear about you? Or must I tell the story next month? The Ear wishes to thank the four or five fellows who attempted to give blood twice on Blood Bank day.... Grandpa, please stop telling the story

about you managing the All Stars last year, the newcomers may be impressed but the Old-timers are not....

I have a complaint from the old Dorm, some of the chaps living in there say the number of Cadillacs running up and down the aisle are dangerous, come come fellows Chevs I dont mind or Fords but Caddies well? Some very embarrassing articles turned up in the new Dorm during a frisk and just in case you dont read English I shall give it to you in your own lingo; un article tres embarrassant a ete trouve durant une fouille dans le nouveau dortoir.... Who has recently boasted about being a rich grade 3?... I hear a rumour that the diversion period in B 3 is really interesting well, well I swan... I wish to give Fritzley in the Kitchen a pat on the back for the interest he is taking in his job, keep at it Fritz, some of us appreciate what you are doing....

McCarthy is looking after one of the Diamond staff clothes and doing a good job too, the only trouble is this member of the staff is now the best dressed guy on the staff and makes the rest of us look very ragged..... Herbie on the Sparks gang received a Christmas stocking I shall let you in on the secret Herbie Grandpa arranged the whole deal, not Barbara.... Little Chrome dome Rocci from the Vocational masons is in the Hospital, hurry back Rocci, I miss your stories....

The Shadow was short lived, one of the things that tripped him up was his inability to spell. However he was talking to me the other day about his various girl friends and from where I stand they must all ride brooms. Egad, what a collection, I thought Loblaw's croceterias in Toronto had all the bags in their shopping centre.... Who received a Christmas card from Pat the Plumber and does it bring back memories?... Recent developments regarding the Shadow; what happened after my Editor had the talk to you, did you get cold feet?... I would like some



information on what goes on in the new Dorm. Any volunteers?....He of the Bullet head is annoyed with the Diamond, some of these people make me wonder....And one of the inmate employees in the Garage has been sounding off about the little old Diamond, why dont you pay us a visit with your gripes ....Overheard while the X-Ray technician was doing Wee Willie, "I dont see what you see in him".....

Joe S, formerly the Shadow, was telling us of a girl he knows who said to him "Oh Joe, you are a girl after my own heart" This sounds pretty good to us....Talking to a man the other day who admitted owning an Essex automobile, and he assured me it was one swell car....The article entitled Our 4% has caused quite a lot of discussion around and about.... Heard a member of the Vocational Masons crying about tension t'other day, really some of these Prima Donnas should bring their nurse-maids along with them. And another point, mortar is not being worn this year in any shade....Aubrey in the Barber Shop should turn into a fair barber, he tries hard and has stood up well under our harmless kidding....Roeci trying to figure out how come

he only had a dime on his canteen slip..... And two big-time operators trying to use aliases on their X-Ray cards so no one outside would know they were here....We have cancelled two memberships in the Big Time Bank Robbers Association for infringements of the rules, we may print the names next issue.... One of the cleaners raving because of the lack of Cowboy music, I wonder where he left his horse and saddle....The Editor is quite pleased these days about the way circulation is rising....And his Pal the Marshall is rapidly improving in the Hospital, but one thing to remember he was always smiling....4225 well known as Pork Chop (Not 16 tons—only 199 lbs.) would rather be called another name. The Ear suggests "Nipper". Have a look, fellows, and you'll agree....I was talking to a cleaner this morning and he gave me some beautiful gossip about one of our Vocational Masons and the story about Christie Pits. I am holding this story until further investigation....And from Dorchester comes a story from their carpenter shop and a carpenter who is currently employed in our barber shop. From me to the barber shop 'AHOY !!..... Wilfred S. ran into a pile of bricks, it looks like to me, but I heard a different.....

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Pens are most dangerous tools, more sharp by odds  
Than swords, and cut more keen than whips or rods.  
John Taylor

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HERE IS A PROOF.

## *Prisoners Are People*

From newspaper clippings dated December 17th. 1955 we have the basis for a great human interest story. The tale originates at St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary.

The story, very touching, a youth of 14 was seriously burned in an accident last September. He was kept alive for weeks by the use of anti-biotics and wholesale blood transfusions from the Red Cross Blood bank.

On December, three extensive grafts became necessary. No skin was available from the usual sources of supply, and doctors of the Montreal General Hospital contacted the Training Centre as a last resort.

The result: **50 Inmates of the Penitentiary volunteered to donate their skin.** This without guarantee of reward or consideration.

From the legs and thighs of four of the willing volunteers, eight strips of skin were taken.

We mention this in passing, a full length article could be built out of these simple sentences and about the "beau geste" of these inmates. However, the Diamond wants to bring it to the attention of our readers.

**FOR THE DIAMOND — WE SAY: "THANKS A LOT" FELLOWS!**

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# Publicite et Rehabilitation

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By Rolly Roberts

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**D**'ANNEE en annee l'on constate, non sans appreciation, le magnifique effort que notre Gouvernement, Federal et Provincial, s'impose dans le but d'obtenir pour le detenu libere l'aide indispensable dont il a si besoin.

Au cours de son incarceration, l'on essaie dans certains milieux propices a lui inculquer les premieres notions d'un metier qui lui sera gages d'une reussite assuree pour les jours a venir.

L'on cherche a guerir un mal. L'on essaie de rehabiliter le criminel mais l'on ne semble pas se preoccuper d'un facteur de grande importance; un facteur d'opposition s'attaquant a la racine meme de l'oeuvre que l'on devra envisager plus tard; en un mot un facteur completement nuisible a une rehabilitation future et je veux dire: la publicite.

Immediatement apres son arrestation, l'individu voit son nom divulge au public. L'on ne se soucie pas des resultats qui suivront. Dans plusieurs cas le tribunal rejettera peut-etre la cause; l'accuse sera alors remis en liberte sous un verdit de non-culpabilite. Tout de meme, la publicite aura deja agie et le meme homme se verra forcer d'affronter un entourage ou le doute de son innocence reflettera sur le visage de plusieurs.

Mais se basant surtout sur cette meme rehabilitation, il est de mon avis que cette mention de nos journeaux, et cela dans des cas d'importance minime, contribue au premier pas d'empechement pour la reussite d'un travail ardu que s'impose le Gouvernement et certaines Societes envers la personne liberee.

Le deshonneur s'est maintenant empare de lui. Sa propre famille est en plus eprouvee et meme punie, quoiqu'innocente. Pour le condamne, un retour au toit familial devient alors un cauchemar perpetuel. Les amis, voisins, gens de bonne reputation et surtout les futurs employeurs se disperseront en sa presence.

Y songeant serieusement, pouvons nous remercier toutes publications pour le divulgement d'informations qui forceront des citoyens a agir, peut-etre innocemment, contre des

principes de charite que l'Eglise s'efforce d'enseigner si intensément.

Je me demande parfois si ces dites publications sont faites dans le but d'aider la cause de l'un ou de l'autre! Serait-ce que l'on veut citer celui qui a manque, qui ne le fait pas, en exemple? Si oui, pourquoi donc devons nous admettre que le nombre de criminels ne cesse d'augmenter?

En lisant ces lignes, je ne crois pas avoir a vous expliquer qu'il est un devoir pour nos journeaux de transmettre certains cas particuliers au public, mais il reste quand meme evident que grand nombre d'autres convictions pourraient passer inaperçues puisqu'elles n'ont d'autres consequences que celles de nuire, dans une periode indeterminée, a des etres humains qui payent presentment ou ont payes cette dette en se voyant prives de leur liberte et qui ont plein droit de revenir au milieu d'une Societe interessee a les voir avancer dans le chemin du succes.

Cette meme dette etant payee, il leur sera possible de faire preuve de leur nouvelles intentions en devenant des gens honnetes et se rendant utile sinon indispensables pour leur propre pays. Je crois que le dernier conflit mondial est un bel exemple pour prouver combien necessaires furent ces combattants qui, quoique tatoues d'un record d'emprisonnement, etaient constamment recus a bras ouverts par nos forces armees.

Apres maintes reflexions, je ne peux concevoir comment la loi pourrait exiger que l'individu sous arret ou condamne ait son nom divulgue aux yeux du public. Si tel est le cas, je pourrais personnellement mentionner ici nombre de cas ou un montant d'argent, parfois minime, a su faire omettre le nom ou les noms de personnes inculpees.

On envoie donc le coupable en prison. On lui enleve sa liberte pour l'envoyer s'instruire au sein meme d'une Universite de Crimes. On se sert de son nom dans les journeaux pour repandre un deshonneur, deshonneur qu'il s'est merite il va sans dire, au dela des limites necessaires. Telle publicite nuit publiquement a sa future rehabilitation et c'est alors qu'on essaie par tous les moyens possible a lui retracer un nouveau sentier que l'on appelle: le chemin de la rehabilitation.

Les depenses annuelles sont formidables pour aider chaque detenus a leur sortie. Helas, la publicite garde son train et parfois meme lorsque l'accuse est en bas age.

Comment pouvoir remedier si l'on ne s'arrete pas a la source?



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*Translation:*

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## PUBLICITY and REHABILITATION

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THE Federal and Provincial Governments are putting forth a great effort to rehabilitate and help the released inmate, an effort that we as inmates certainly appreciate.

Penal Institutions will attempt, during an offender's sentence, by vocational training to fit him for a trade, to assure his future on release. This is costly and maybe helped by what follows.

They are trying to cure an ailment. They are trying to reclaim for decent society: the criminal. But, they do not seem to worry about one very important factor; a factor directly opposed to their grand efforts. In one word, a factor that defeats their work before it is even started: Publicity!

Immediately upon arrest the accused, before he has even had a preliminary hearing has the details of the crime he is alleged to have committed thrown to his community. The town or city he lives in; and, if the crime is large enough or lurid enough, the whole country gloats over it. The newspapers are not concerned about rehabilitation at this point. His neighbours reactions may well be imagined, and their expressions certainly show their feelings.

His family also suffer and are consequently dishonoured by the publicity, even before he is proven guilty. And, if he is found guilty, the papers carry the story to the point where return to his family is pretty well impossible. People possessing good reputations will make it a point to steer clear of him and what of future employers?

To give a spot of serious thought to this publicity, can we be expected to thank these publications for the information they give a scandal hungry public? Information that will turn peoples actions against the teachings of their respective faiths, namely, charity.

I have gone over the question thoroughly and tried to convince myself that the news-

papers have a definite duty to the public; and they feel it is helpful to the public, but I fail to see it. To me publicity in many cases has prevented a man from reforming.

Dear readers, I do not have to explain to you that in some cases it is the duty of the newspapers to let the public know of certain types of offences. For example, murder; this crime must be publicized to assist the various agencies interested and alert the public. But, it is evident many minor crimes could be kept publicity free to facilitate the return of the offender to society when his debt is paid. They have paid by loss of their liberty and are entitled to return to society on the same level as they left it.

Their debt been paid, it will then be up to them to prove by their behaviour and good intensions to their fellows they are as good as before. The Armed Forces, in our last big conflict proved that many men with prison records could and would do a good job. And the Army reclaimed many criminals by trusting them and treating them as equals.

There is no law that specifically says a man's name must appear in a daily publication when he is accused of a crime. And I can quote many instances where a small sum of money has kept mention of a-man's name and crime out of print.

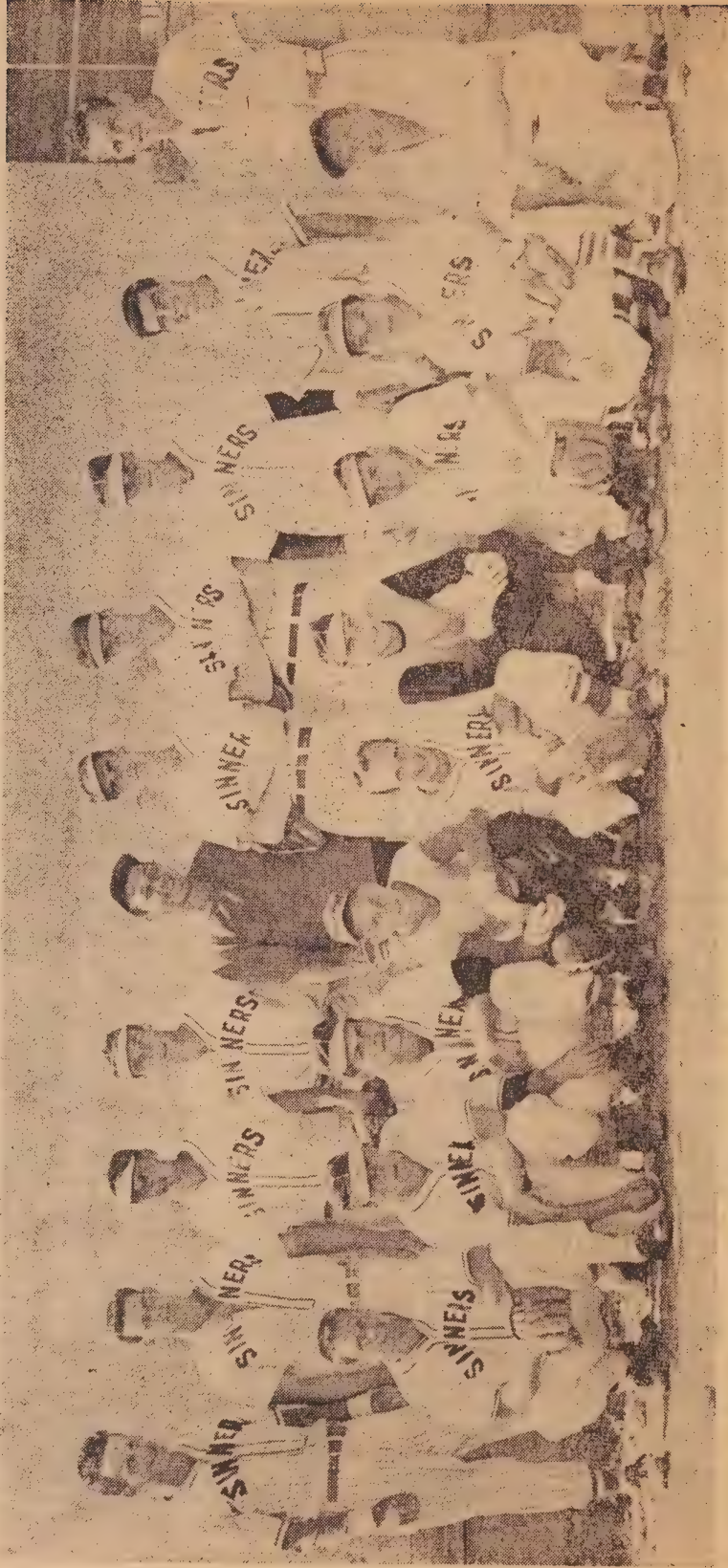
So we come to the point where the man is found guilty and imprisoned; his name is splashed over papers indiscriminately; his name is smeared, in some cases far beyond the ordinary limit.

Such publicity interferes, even before rehabilitation starts, making the penologists job much more difficult, and putting obstacles in the path of the various interested social agencies. This publicity increases the cost of rehabilitation; the interested (ex-inmates) are trying to break down the bar sinisters we suffer from, the daily press build them up, a vicious circle what?



# OUR UNDEFEATED ALL-STAR SOFTBALL TEAM

## ~ "THE SINNERS" ~



Standing, left to right: Manager Allan Corrie; Jackie Howes; Ross Burnett; Stanley Craig; Bob Livingston; Philip McQuade; "Bud" Smith; Ricky Windsor; Donnie McLean; Coach Gerry Parr.

Kneeling, left to right: Donny Warner; Miles Simpson; Robert Willisie; Jerry Bell; Jack Isenberg; Wallace Stubbs; Willie Sutton; Paddy Swan; Lorne Powers.



# - SPORTS IN THE BAY -

With Stobby & Ben.

Well, here it is February, then comes March and April but, the way things are around here you would think it was April already. Usually at this time of the year, people who are sports-minded are trying to decide who is going to win the Stanley Cup. Well it is different in our little palace. Because the other day I overheard a few of last year ball managers asking the newcomers if they were ball players.

Upon hearing this, it started me wondering if our Sinners will have a team as powerful this year as they did last. If we may judge by the looks of the new imports we are getting, (at no extra-cost) I suspect this years team will even be stronger.

For the benefit of our new readers, I would like to inform them that last year's Sinners, which incidently is our "All Star Team", were undefeated through out the season. You may say to yourself, why shouldn't they be undefeated, what competition could they possibly have? For your information they have played some of the best teams in Kingston and vicinity, who were kind enough to give up a Sunday afternoon and come in to play ball. I think if they are given the chance this year they will prove to you, and us that they are the ball club we think they are.

So much for baseball, now to get back to my true love.

If you remember in our last issue, I made a prediction that the Toronto Maple Leafs would finish in third place. After listening to the different opinions of the fellows around here, their praises have made my head swell a little. Now, I will endeavour to go one step further, and try to pick the way I think the teams will finish at the end of the regular schedule. Also the reason I pick them this way.

**First: Montreal**, who in my opinion, should have won it all last year. If you remember they lost one of their most valuable players, Maurice (Rocket) Richard, who for my money is the best player in the league to-day. However, the other teams not only have him to worry about, but also his brother (The Pocket Rocket) and a few more guys who are not too bad around the nets.

**Second: Detroit**, last years champions and that alone should be sufficient reason. It is true that they have given away some very good players, such as goalie Terry Sawchuck and a few others. Perhaps if Jolly Jack Adams had heard some of the ridiculing he got for this move his ears would have burnt off, even though they said the same thing when he gave Harry Lumley to the Leafs. Who knows maybe Glen Hall will turn out to be better than bothe of them.

**Third: Toronto**, here is a touchy subject. Will the kids keep up with seasoned players, or on the other hand will the seasoned players keep up with the kids? There is a good question. Although the fans should know that Toronto has always had a young club, and in recent years they hav'nt done too bad. The one thing I would wish for, if I could find the lamp, is a good centre man to set up the play like Kennedy used to. If they had as good a centre as Tedder was, I would pick them for the top spot.

**Fourth: New York**. This team in recent years, has been of very little worry if any, to the other clubs. For the past eight or nine seasons with the exception of once, this team has finished in fifth or sixth place. How long can a team finish like this, and still keep the fans happy?

**Fifth: Chicago**. Like the Toronto Argonauts, this team spent a tidy sum of money improving their club. Although they were lucky enough to get some of the best players in the league, they like the Argo's found out that you can't tear a team apart one year and expect to have a championship team the same year. Give them a couple of seasons, and they may be the team to beat.

**Sixth: Boston**. Even though this team got a real good goalie from Detroit and a couple of other players, they in my opinion gave away their chance for a play off spot. To get a good goaltender they had to give up players like Ed. Sandford, Godfrey and a couple more guys who weren't too bad either. And, what was the matter with Henderson anyway?

Well that's our views on how the teams will finish. If however it does not meet with your approval, remember there are two sides to every story.

What? Stanley Cup Winners, Montreal of course.

On scanning the sport pages of the K.P. Telescope, we notice that Eddie Guiller is now a referee instead of a player. (What's the matter, Eddie, too fat!!!)

Men never are consoled for their first love, nor women for their last.

Weiss



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# BOOKS

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By Raymond Arthur Davies

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**A**N inmate of a prison changes unless his mind changes. Now this is a truism and everyone knows it. But, not everyone realizes that what most contributes to the change of a man's mind, to the development of his intellect while in confinement, to the planning of a different future, is the prison library with its books. And so it is, of course, in Collin's Bay.

We are fortunate in having at our disposal a library of more than 7000 volumes in addition to thousands of magazines. It is true, not every book we would like to read is here. But there are enough to enable an inmate to follow a reading course designed to help him pass the time, make time serve him, and plan for tomorrow.

We understand that during the next 60 days hundreds of new books will be placed on the library shelves. But that is not to say that everything we have has been read. Somehow in the company of books in the library (and perhaps in the cells) one does not feel so confined.

The number of fine books on the shelves is great. Take for example the current world debate about the increase in the number of member nations of the United Nations. This has been initiated by Canada and our own Minister of Health, Paul Martin. Those of us who know Paul Martin can understand his actions

at the United Nations. He is one of that group of Canadians who believe that Canada is best off in the company of all nations in the world organization.

But what is the debate about? What world is it that Canada wishes to unite at the United Nations in New York? We have many books that supply the background. Here are a few that may have escaped your attention:

*Library Number 624. Denis Johnston. Nine Rivers from Jordan.* This book, memoirs of a war correspondent who spent his war years for the BBC in Egypt, Italy, France and Germany, tells of the world that had fallen apart during World War II. He looked deeply for the causes of that collapse and in his book, in an entrancing fashion, tells of this. He hasn't many solutions, but his own queries, his search for truth pretty well describe the bewilderment of the world of today as well. This book, even though printed in 1953, still supplies many of the answers to today's problems. And it's well written, excitingly written, in fact.

Another book that one can recommend highly for an insight into European groping for a solution to their troubles is:

*Library Number 4602. Lion Feuchtwanger. Simone.* This is the story of a 16-year-old French girl in a small provincial town at the time of the "Phony War" in 1940. She reads of Joan of Arc and in the same modest, unassuming way, almost unconsciously, she performs an isolated but great deed depriving the onrushing Germans of trucks and gasoline, ruining her uncle in the process, and giving a signal of hope to her townspeople. She is betrayed by her uncle and aunt and taken off to jail but the people say "We won't forget you, Simone Planchard — we'll come and get you, Simone." It is a touching story with a great truth by one of the world's fine writers.

For a more detailed approach we suggest: *Library Number 1513. John Gunther. Behind the Curtain.* This book is slightly out of date having been published in 1949. But many things, at least on our side, have remained the same and a keen reader can discover much information here. The book talks of the countries behind the Iron Curtain and comments on Russian policy.

All of our discussions of the present world picture are tied up with our own national security. We are, like an insecure sandwich, between the two giants — the United States and

Continued on page 33



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# MERELY

## A

# SUGGESTION

By Bill Huddlestone.



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**I**FOR many, many years, Penologists, phycologists and social workers connected with various social agencies have been trying to find an ansyver to a problem. The problem, what makes men commit crimes? And what can they do to prevent the commission of these crimes.

The writer has read many articles written by learned men on this subject. Naturally each one has his answer as to the reason why crimes are perpetrated. And it follows, each answer seems to be logical. But, and it is a very large but, none of these logical answers seem to solve the problem.

Each man, woman or child who commits a crime has his or her personal reason, each person has his or her own outlook on life. So therefore one plan, answer or system would hardly fit each case, do you think?

A famous German pathologist once remarked "To know all about the human stomach, we must find some person who has lived in an abdomen for twenty years. Then we shall have a sensible outlook on the stomach."

I have been around what society chooses to call criminals for a long time. And although it is not the human stomach we are dealing with, I feel association gives me the advantage over people who merely meet criminals. I know them!

To my way of thinking each criminal is seeking something that is missing from his or her life. Just what they are lacking is beyond me. It maybe love, affection, power or a hundred and one other things. It maybe lack of education, lack of a trade or a feeling of inferiority. And until this lack is discovered

and righted the individual will continue his crime route.

It is a well known fact, and proven so, that a great number of people incarcerated in Canada today are the result of broken homes. It is partly these facts I base my contention, these people, and this is my unprofessional opinion, feel they have been deprived of something in life. To me it seems to follow; a child, growing up among other children, not as well dressed as the others, maybe not as clean, nor as well fed feels inferior. Imagine his or her feelings attending school under these conditions, a feeling of being cheated begins to grow in the youngster.

Other children have nice homes, the child from the unsettled home, misery. His parents constantly bickering, arguing or at times actually engaged in physical violence with each other. This is bound to reflect in the childs behaviour.

So he is left to his own devices, he goes looking, for what? In all likelihood he finds some one in the same boat as himself. Now he has a friend, friends were made to be with, so now we have a team, a partnership.

The other children of the neighbourhood have money for the movies on saturday afternoon, they do not have the admission price. where are they going to get it, from their parents? Not much chance there. So now they must find a way to make some money. At first they do it legally, scouring back lanes, alleys, vacant lots or any other place that may harbour empty bottles, scrap iron, old tires etc. They find a ready sale for these items and by applying their eyes and with a little work they soon have the necessary money. Not only admission money but the funds for candy and other stuff children seem to constantly want.

If material becomes scarce from legal sources, they soon learn to scale fences, open doors or gain entry by other means. All to keep abreast of their school and neighbourhood friends. And once they get away with a few petty thefts their tickets are reserved for future transportation here. For they do carry their stealing habits and pattern into their teens and a great percentage from there into grown life.

All through a lack, first of home life, later they may seek to straighten themselves out, here a juvenile record maybe the stumbling block. Again they may run into a check be-

(Con. on Page 25)



# THOUGHTS ON THE LOVE HABIT

ONE of the more romantic numbers of the staff is going to write of the lacy side of Valentine day. The love, and subsequent slush attached to it. Me, I have an unusual slant on love, romance, boy meets girl or however you wish to varnish it over.

Please remember gentle reader, I have had many affairs of the heart, and before I leave any doubts, I am not an experiment of nature. Far from it, I like the opposite sex, but please allow me to bring this love and romance nonsense down to earth, where it belongs.

Now I shall not go into a birds and bees routine, but we shall picture first the very important three quarters of the twosome, woman. From birth she is catered to and groomed just as carefully as a finely bred race horse, a horse pointed for some classic feature. This holds true for the female, just as true as in the case of the equine.

Today we hear of two types of women, the career woman, and the home-maker type. The home-maker type remains in her own category until she is thirtyish (any woman under 45 is thirtyish.) Then if no man has fallen into her trap, or succumbed to her wiles, she becomes a career woman. But, please do not relax, if the "right" man comes along she reverts to her old category. She discards the tailored business suit, and immediately becomes the fluffy, entrancing, bewitchingly elfish girl the poor slob of a man (whether he knows it or not, has been searching for).

The career girl, she has dedicated herself to business, mere man is nothing to her. He can be admired for his business acumen, his solid judgement and if they play golf together, his game maybe discreetly praised; no romantic nonsense here. So by applying herself to commerce she becomes a top flight secretary.

As a secretary her career reaches a dead end, no further advancement in sight. What does the career girl do? You guessed it, she



becomes a schemer, the boss becomes the target, the career girl, like the chameleon, changes, not her colour, but her role she becomes the mysterious woman, the home-maker.

Well so it goes, and has gone, through the centuries poor mixed up poets and song writers have knocked themselves out trying to explain love. Some place the blame at the moon's door, spring the eternal has placed high on the list of suspects. Flowers and their heady perfumes are sometimes brought into the romantic picture. One dull and prosaic writer has even gone so far as to write, and I quote: Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker". So there they all are fumbling for an answer. You have read this far, so now I am going to impose my theory on you, and I may add, I feel I have the solution.

Well it's this way, boy meets girl, or grown man meets grown woman. We shall not go into the devious ways that women use to meet men. (House parties, office parties, married sister's homes, summer and winter cruises, say, I could go on and on). They meet, she may have advance information as to his earnings, savings, investments or earning potentials. But this doesn't slow the gal up, after the meeting she soon assesses the mundane monetary future of the victim. If she has a fond Mama lurking in the background the financial investigation is that much more thorough. Her Father is immune to all this skull duggery, however just to get the laugh on someone else, he may give a hand. Do not, and I repeat, do



not expect any help from this quarter. By marrying his daughter he relieves himself of a slight financial strain.

So you date the lovely lady for 7 o'clock Tuesday evening, fine and dandy, all goes well. You, strangely discover she likes all the things you like. You dance well together. She just loves a man who smokes a pipe (or cigarettes or cigars or just smokes). You go home feeling great.

This goes on for weeks, now you are in a routine. Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and even Sunday, these are the days you see your love. It has become a routine a habit, fellow, your regimented.

Love, chemical re-action, heart, no, no, you cannot place this feeling you have on anything but sheer habit.

Take a farmer, a man who arises every morning at 5.30. He has done this for, oh say, ten years. Now take him to a city, give him every luxury, and tell him he must arise at 9 o'clock every morning. What happens, his routine is broken, he is unhappy, restless, loses his appetite, ever heard or seen these symptoms before my friend, or am I on the right track?

## MERELY A SUGGESTION

cause of lack of formal education, what then?

Of course your argument is, what about these stories of self educated men, from a good home yes, but figure the background of some of these unfortunates. They feel they are beaten before they start. Amongst their friends are some who have advanced in crime, they follow along, the line of least resistance you say? Well, I'll grant you, yes, it is, but what else can a person do, raised in poor environment, illeducated, and having a yearning for easy money.

It is rumoured that shortly a new reception center is to be introduced to receive incoming inmates. Here they will be sorted into types and place each individual type into a group where he fits and belongs, a group to suit his personality.

A great step forward, the United States penal system have proven this by their use of receiving centres. Now this reception centre is a far cry from rehabilitation but it is a step forward. Sort them out in grades of schooling mentality, yes, even to social standing and morality.

Every man loves justice at another man's house; nobody cares for it at his own.

The boy and girl quarrel, never mind what about, they quarrel, this breaks the sequence of phone calls, dates, letters and all the rest of the accessories of romance. The result, they become restless, unhappy, loss of appetite follows, all because a routine has been broken. And they remain miserable and lonely until the routine is resumed.

In the army a man becomes the victim of regimentation, in jail its daily routine, so it is in love. Break the routine for only a short period of time, result unhappiness.

Now we have completed the period of courtship, what kind of a routine do we fall into now. Well figure it out, up in the morning, work all day. Home at night, dinner, watch television, sleep. Tuesday night, bridge with the Van Glucks. Thursday, the movies. Saturday our night to dance. Just break this routine brother, just miss your customary bus or train once then you will find out what routine is. Court routine, separation, divorce, alimony, and is that alimony a routine? Please don't try it.

Well, I suppose I have wasted enough of your time, besides I have a St. Valentine's day poem to write.

## (Continued from Page 23)

Now after the incoming inmates are sorted and graded, why not have a board of medical and psychiatric experts to discover his lack? For lack it must be, Collin's Bay has proven one of my points, more about this in the next paragraph.

Canada has made one tremendous step in Penology by the introduction of vocational training, this removes one lack. The lack of a trade. And the figures on recidivism have proven beyond a doubt that 72% of our vocational graduates never return as an inmate. Does this interest you sufficiently to want to ask questions re other shortcomings? Other lacks such as mental outlook, lack of affection, a feeling of not being wanted.

Now I am sensible enough to know; a man cannot be rehabilitated unless he earnestly wishes to be. So, along with the wonderful vocational training program, how about a mental training period, under skilled men. Surely our great country has or can produce a dedicated group to help those who could be saved.



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# FEBRUARY INTERVIEW

## with PROFESSOR A B STRACT

(B.T.O., M.B.B.R.A., F.C.B.G.C.)

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I HAD just finished a very pleasant interview with one of our inmate subscribers, very pleasant, to the tune of five paid subscriptions; now I thought, we are out of the red for a few days. Alas good times never seem to last for me, suddenly the Diamond Office door was literally jerked off its hinges and the old Professor entered.

"Hello my boy" said the old man, then I noticed he was using a cane. He caught my glance toward this unusual accessory and explained: "I was taking russian dance lessons from Sack, and threw out a couple of disks in my spine, however, worry not, my brain is just as active and fertile as ever."

I inquired meekly as to what he had cooked up for our February issue and away he went, something like this: "Charles, my curly headed friend, I have at last chanced upon a fool proof way to stop all criminal activity. This is an outstanding discovery and I sincerely feel I shall be hailed as the greatest brain in history. Here is a scheme the world's greatest brains have diligently searched for centuries and failed to find. Eureka, I have it!"

"Now figure the millions of dollars spent yearly on Police Forces, agencies, investigation services and all the necessary crime prevention systems used in our Country. Just for example, figure how much industry spends in a year on nightwatchmen. How much is spent yearly on burglar alarm systems and their upkeep?"

"All this would be abolished, no more of the long green with a short future would be spent to guard and police money, jewellery and the other tempting baubles thieves find so irresistible.

"It is really quite simple, all thieves are interested in money, my scheme is to pay them a

monthly wage or pension. Call it what you like, as long as they remain honest and upright they continue to receive the pension. The first time they return to their old thieving ways, bango, the pension stops and they are thrown into an insane asylum. For anyone who gives up a good monthly wage to return to stealing is definitely a physco case!"

"My next idea is quite good really, it is a complete service for males. It is on the general lay-out of a five minute car wash. It is a complete overhaul, from shoes to hair-cut and is performed in a matter of minutes."

"Here is how it operates, a man finds himself downtown or in a strange city. Suddenly by phoning his office or by other means of communication he discovers he has an important engagement, date, appointment or anything along this line that requires smart and elegant appearance."

"To his immense satisfaction, across the street from him is a sign it reads: Complete Male Valet Service. On entering he is escorted to a dressing chamber, his clothes are whisked away to be cleaned and pressed. He is shown into a room where hanging from the ceiling are what appear to be 20 or 30 chrome steel helmets. The attendant asks the client his head size and what type of hair cut he prefers. On giving the size of head and style of cut, he is led to a chair, the helmet is lowered over his head, there is a low hum of many clippers and in ten seconds flat he is escorted out. From here he steps onto a moving floor which carries him through a room full of revolving brushes and showers. He is carried along the same moving floor through a drying room, this is lined with haberdashery accessory show windows. If he chooses to, he can purchase any new clothing he feels he may need. When dry he exits into a dressing room, which also car-

(Continued on Page 27)



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## SOMETHING NEW

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**O**F late our vocational trainees have been treated to a most unusual series of talks, dealing with after release problems. These enlightening and informative sessions are held with the various Vocational classes and at the close of the meetings an open forum is held and questions are invited. The people responsible should feel highly gratified at the rapt attention and the intelligent questions given to them at the end of the periods. And as an inmate this writer knows how deeply appreciated are the efforts of the gentlemen responsible for these looked forward to affairs.

Mr. D.C.S. Reid of the Kingston Branch of the John Howard Society is one of the people responsible for these unique sessions. And Mr. Brooks of the National Employment Service is also an interested party.

On the Tuesday morning I attended the get together, Mr. Reid gave a short talk on Ticket-Of-Leave and just what The John Howard Society was prepared to do for the discharged inmate. Now the writer has heard many explanations as to what this worthy society was prepared to do, could do, would do and many other misconceptions carried by inmates. The talk I was fortunate enough to hear cleared up many points, and all the trainees of the Vocational Carpentry course have no mixed up ideas of what the John Howard are prepared to do. The Ticket-of-Leave system was approached through it's relation to post release supervision, this was discussed and reviewed to what I thought was everyone's satisfaction.

Mr. Reid explained and gave reasons why the John Howard would not obtain a ticket for a man, but he did tell them how they (THE JOHN HOWARD) would help an ex-inmate on his release. He also stressed, (and if we all give this thought the truth will appear to us) that each and everyone of us serving time needed and would benefit from a properly supervised post release program. And went on to explain how this was done and why.

I wish to interject a spot of information at this point. The John Howard Society has nothing to gain by helping us. Their interest is wholly unselfish and the financial support comes from private citizens. Public spirited people who by their donations help to build an

arch in the bridge to carry us along the road to rehabilitation back into the fold of decent society. And please bear in mind their trained representative the John Howard man is attempting, first of all to help us, and secondly to teach the public, prisoners are people.

On completing his talk Mr. Reid threw the session open for questions, some he answered himself, others, after introducing Mr. R.S. Beames, case works supervisor from the Central office of the John Howard Society were answered by Mr. Beames.

There was a lack of shyness and reticence one would expect to find in a penitentiary, questions were fired from all angles and all showed thought. Rather the same air you would expect to find in an army training camp existed. And to be quite fair all questions were answered, to my mind, fairly, and no false impressions were created.

Our chief Vocational officer Mr. G.W. Downton was present and one or two chance remarks were overheard by the writer which spoke well for the confidence he enjoys from the trainees. And by a remark as to the willingness of the inmates to ask questions and the intelligence of the questions.

These talks certainly show how far prison reform has advanced in a few short years. And it is to be hoped these informal lectures will continue and produce the big results we all expect from them.

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### INTERVIEW WITH PROF. A.B. STRACT (Continued from previous Page)

ries a line of beverages. His shoes are returned highly shined, his clothing, dry cleaned and pressed and he is then handed his bill. Some idea, eh? And it only takes 10 minutes, maybe we could use this to capitalize and clean up Russia."

"My last one for this month is designed to erase divorce and the mother-in-law trouble from our land. The idea is this, by legislation we forbid any young man from marrying a woman of his own country. His bride must come from overseas. This way she is a stranger to our country, she has no friends or relatives to run to when they have a battle. Therefore she must behave herself. Further the mother-in-law is forbidden to visit the newly weds, how does it sound?

"Well chum, I must away, two of my friends have received a do it yourself kit, which when assembled is a helicopter. They want some technical advise. I may see you next month. but don't wait for me.



---

Re: *Lost Letter*

---

IN our January issue of the Diamond we printed a letter that had been found in the corridor. A couple of days later one of the cleaners was kind enough to offer to clean up the office. The staff left to give the man an opportunity to do his work. Upon returning, the Editor was informed by the cleaner that a man came in asking about a letter; he took the liberty of looking on the desk, found one with a blurred address and gave it to the inmate. This leaves the Diamond still in the dark, the claimant being unknown by the cleaner.

Since that time a letter has arrived in answer, so once more we are forced to use up space and print the answer; it was only addressed to Rolly, Collin's Bay.  
Dere Rolly:-

You bum, you hot dog without mustard, when I tole you to go to town and clean up you did not have to shoot my three cousins, you shot wrong three anyway. I mean you got haircut and shave for I don't know which is which, pig or you in yard.

Last week I go to town and see Judge, he tell me you be in that place 45 years, not fifteen like you say in letter, he tells me fifteen years for each cousin, you should only kill one at a time, not three at once.

Rolly, 45 years long time to wait for you, and your brother Louis who came to live with me, took the five gallon wine to that place you live, they don't let him in, but call police; he is not be here for six months. I get letter, he in some town near you called "County Can", sounds like Irish Place. Went to doctor, he tell me I cannot work in Mine for a few months yet and take it easy, he don't say why, maybe they be going on strike, you think so?

I dont thing I wait 45 years for you, will ask uncle Alphonse for money and come down to your place, maybe you see if I can get job in that place as cleaner helping you. Let me know pretty soon as Lover Boy Baptiste, he

tell me you will be old man when you come home, that's no good for young woman like me to have you come home, old man, and Baptiste he is very nice to me. Last week, bring me a load of logs and new ax and tell me he will be back and carry in firewood to fill wood box in kitchen. You remember how you used to make me chop down trees then bring in logs and use that old ax. Baptiste is very kind to me.

Your son, Charles Aime, is grow a little bit, does not eat his pea soup out of his hat any more, he find 5 gallon can and piece of hose; he make noise at start but when hose get full of soup, everything good. One day hose plug up with peas, he blow in hose to clean it out and soup splash all over new parlor wall paper that you stole in Sudbury. Baptiste dont like that paper anyway and say bedroom paper is not right color, should be green instead of black, if you can steal green paper at your place, please send it to me.

Baptiste say if you need hacksaw or files he will send them to you, he say he do anything to help you get away, dead or alive. He is real nice fellow, if you get killed, think I marry with him; he told me not to tell you in letter about hacksaw and files but I tell you because then you can be careful.

Have to stop letter now, just spilled ink bottle, when Baptiste threw his arms around me. Your son, Charles Aime, start call him Daddy. I think I stille love you a little bit, well let you know next time I get bottle of ink.

P.S. You stay in that place a while, Relief Officer just come and give me \$30.00, tell me I got that each month you in that college. Baptiste and me sure going to town to-night.

A big kist from  
Artimise

---

In the silence of my lonely cell  
My thoughts drift back to you;  
And of those things we knew so well,  
My Lord it makes me blue.

I only live for you my love,  
And for the future near,  
I hope that we will know again,  
The dreams of yester year.

The rocky road, is all behind,  
And soon the sun will shine;  
Then we will be together, Dear,  
With all our cares behind.

Duffy.





# PERUSING THE PENAL PRESS



**THE STAR (Carville, Louisiana)** We enjoy your publication and find it impossible to sort out any article for special mention. Your set up, your pictures and articles all receive great attention from our Staff and Inmate population.

**THE NEW DAY (Mansfield, Ohio)** We look forward to your worthy efforts arrival. Your article Surgery, Psychiatry and Modern Penology, effect new life for California Offender. A great article and a new light on modern penology. Your sports coverage is very thorough.

**VIEWPOINT (Lompoc, California)** Phil Burke certainly turns out a quality publication. But it seems to us that from an Army Unit there should be more poetry, don't you?

**PATHFINDER (Saskatchewan Penitentiary)** Great publication, good coverage and Gordon Boehner, well we admire his observation Post, besides we know Gord. and our staff say Good Luck.

**OHIO PENITENTIARY (Columbus, Ohio)** Oh, Brother, what a grand variety you have in your canteen list. Nice little publication you have and we enjoy the whole issue.

**SEAGAZETTE (Seagoville, Texas)** Ernie Bobie's, from an amateur's pen is good reading. Notes and comments really covers your place. Spain reduces penal population is timely and good.

**INSIDE WORLD (Parchman, Miss.)** Mimeographing does not do you folks justice. We hope some day to see you in print. Your reprint from the Raiford Record is good press.

**ISLAND LANTERN (McNeil Island, Wash.)** Good cover on your December issue and your art work is exceptional. We of the Staff enjoy all your editions.

**THE COLONY (Massachusetts)** Thanks for the Christmas Greeting. John J. Kane has a new slant on Santa Claus. The First Christmas Night we liked very much. You get better each month.

**THE ECHO (Texas Prison System)** Noticed a small note in your issue of December re: Good Cons get vacation. Every little plug helps us all. We like your "Finger".

**STRAY SHOTS (Fort Leavenworth, Kansas)** The Editor Notes, we know just how he feels over the lack of material for the contest. We have the same condition up here. They all have good ideas, everyone is a genius, but alas, no manuscripts.

**LAKE SHORE OUTLOOK (Michigan City, Indiana)** We received your November issue and thoroughly enjoyed it. Are we on your list?

**DUTY CALL (San Diego, California)** We were happy about your Pearl Harbour Cover. Your Editor Speaks takes us back to our army days.

**REFORMATORY PILLAR (St. Cloud, Minn.)** Ex-Inmate writes is a whale of a letter, from 1910 until now is certainly evidence of reformation. Nice effort.

**K.P. TELESCOPE (Kingston, Ont.)** First Impressions by Spero certainly carries a message, sincerely hope we see more from this talented writer. And a big hand for Bobby Dunford's "A Sad Story" it is certainly very revealing.



**THE ADOLESCENT: SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR AWAY.** — The most difficult human beings to understand are the adolescents, contends E.L.V. Shelley, chief psychologist of the Boys Vocational School at Lansing Michigan. "They look like adults, they act like adults, and yet every once in a while they have surprising, unexpected, and even alarming lapses into immaturity." Mr. Shelley passes on to us some salient characteristics of the adolescent which he has observed during his 18 years working with youth. His comments about each of them will be helpful and useful to anyone working with adolescents and will help to avoid some of the mistakes that we so often make.



NEW SUBSCRIBERS MEAN MORE SUBSCRIBERS MEAN

HIGHER CIRCULATION MEAN

BIGGER ❖ BETTER ❖ PUBLICATION

ALL THIS MADE POSSIBLE THROUGH YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mrs. T. Blazey	Hamilton	Mrs. G. Cole	Toronto	Mag. MacCleviss	Owen Sound
Mr. Fred Bendell	Kingston	Mrs. M. Sovay	Lively	Mr. D. Barbe	Sudbury
Mr. R. Gray	London	Mr. J.L. Neilans	Ottawa	Mr. Shroider	Toronto
Mrs. F. Giblett	Kingston	Mr. Tremblay	Winnipeg	Mr. J. McDonald	Toronto
Mrs. E.B. Gibson	Carlton Place	Mr. Ritter	Jackson, Mic.	Mrs. G. Morpaw	Cornwall
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Mrs. W. Legouffe	Dorchester, NB	Mrs. G. Dover	Kingston	Mrs. W.J. Farrell	Renfrew
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		Mrs. E.H. Pierson	Oshawa		
		Mr. J. Millman	Windsor		

We wish to thank the following, staunch supporters of the Diamond for their Christmas Greetings.

Our reason for this in February, is the 20th. of the month is our deadline. Thus, your Christmas Cards were not delivered in time for January Issue. So better late than never, we again say to:

Miss D. Hatton	Toronto	Mr. D. Barlow	Quebec City	Mr. R. Windsor	Collin's Bay
Mr. Jos McCulley	Toronto	Mr. P. Hamilton		A.A. Group	Huntsville, Tex.
Mr. J. Paul	Kingston		Collin's Bay		

And for the Inmate Committee we say thank you to the following folks:

Mr. W.M. Nickle	Toronto	Mr. Mrs J. Woodhouse	Mother Superior
Mr. Mrs. A. Cross	Ottawa	Kingston	Sister M. Clara
Mr. Fred. Bendell	Kingston		Kingston



# RADIO & RECORD RAMBLINGS

W. HUDDLESTONE

THE Diamond Staff feel it is no small part of their job to keep our inside readers informed as to what goes on over the air-waves. And it may be of interest to men and women in other institutions to read about what we are listening to. And how we feel about the various programmes it is our good fortune to receive here in the Bay.

We intend to plug new songs, criticize and praise disk jockies and commentators, We shall also give our opinions on new records and revivals of old favourites. Of course, Dear Public, the opinions shall be ours alone.

First on our list is Miss Helen McNamara and her outstanding Saturday evening show, it comes on the air at 7 P.M. This show features delightful and lovely music the programme is dedicated to Jazz and is narrated by Miss McNamara and Mr. Alex Beris, two of Torontos formost critics along this line. The station carrying this vechicle is C.J.B.C.

The music is refreshing and the conversation is bright and enlightening, for both these people are Jazz fans and are to be highly commended for their high calibre efforts. Each week the spotlight is on some Jazz Artist, they not only play the Artist's music, the Artist's background is also gone into and they tell you of his life in the music world. How the Artist got his start, what band or group he is now with, and in playing his music, one can follow the Artist's progress in the world of Jazz.

We never fail to scan the Toronto Evening Telegram for Miss McNamara's column which is very informative and keeps us up on new releases in the Jazz Dept. Mr. Beris is also thoroughly read here in the Globe and Mail. Maybe our Tributes in Tempo" narrators will do us a favour, well, while we are at it we may as well ask for two. First, who does Savannah Churchill record for, and where can we purchase a copy of her recording of "Time Out For Tears"? Secondly, if we are not mistaken, didn't Lucy Ann Polk win the female singer award for 1954 for Jazz? (Downbeat Award That Is) Whether this be true or no, we would enjoy so much a brief history of her career and would "flip" with sheer joy to hear some of her recordings.

Next we come to a real Maestro in his own right, we give you the one and only William B. Williams of W.N.E. W. in New York. This

man has the easiest style in American radio today and his music is Tops. He has a habit of playing records that sooth and I might add they are not all new records, this in itself is a relief.

For our money Wm. B. is the only man in Radio today who can make us pay attention to a commercial and leave us knowing what he was talking about. His easy and relaxed manner and droll chit chat are really superb. He is by far the best liked American nightly disk jockey on our Collin's Bay Radio Programme.

Locally we wish to pay a long overdue compliment to Al. Balisco of C.K.W.S. in Kingston Ont. He is not only the outstanding disk jockey in Eastern Ont. but rates as one of our unseen friends. His cheery Good Morning to the men in Kingston Penitentiary and Collin's Bay has not gone unnoticed. His wit and fine sense of humour provide us with many a good laugh.

Next we move to a show that has been a favourite for many years to people from many walks of life. The music is perfection, the vocalists are from the ranks of the world's greatest, the programme, none other than The Firestone Hour. It is well listened to by the population in the Bay, we enjoy this quality production.

"Lullaby in Birdland" to our way of thinking is an enjoyable and lovely number. But just wait until you hear it in french, we thought it was perfection in english but it takes on a new fullness in the french language.

Another one you Jazz Fans will enjoy is "Concerta in Jazz" it was written and recorded by Donald Philips, truly a masterpiece.

To our way of thinking the top Jazz vocalist for 1955 is the evergreen Louis Armstrong with his recording of "Mac the Knight"

For any of you gals who may have had a tiff with Joe the Beaux you might be well advised to listen to Peggy Lee's "He Needs Me".

Everyone else lists the top Ten so here goes:

1. *Unchained Melody.*
2. *Melody of Love.*
3. *The Ballad of Davey Crockett.*
4. *Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White.*
5. *The yellow Rose of Texas.*
6. *Love is a many Splendoured Thing.*
7. *Rock Around the Clock.*
8. *Autumn Leaves.*
9. *Sincerely.*
10. *Aint That a Shame.*

In future issues we hope to bring you short histories of singers who are on the way up, the story behind the songs they sing.



## READABLE REPRINT...

# Fifteen Years of Penology

By Dick Goodman

*After the necessarily strict routine of prison life it is difficult for a discharged prisoner to stand on his own feet in the swift-running currents of a free man's world. Often, if he has been in prison very long, he will have lost the habit of making his own decisions. He usually faces tremendous difficulties in finding a job. In many cases his prison record cuts him off from the friendship of law-abiding people. The circumstances tend to push a man back to a life of crime unless we make it our business to help him overcome them.*

F. D. R.

The above paragraph is taken from a speech delivered by Franklin D. Roosevelt when he was President. My purpose is neither to laud nor decry his statements. That fact that he virtually held the Presidency of the United States for a longer period than any other man speaks eloquently for his ability and his use of common logic. I would, however, like to point up one sentence in his address: Often, if he has been in prison very long, he will have lost the habit of making decisions.

After one familiarizes himself with the penalties for various crimes, and with the imposed sentences surrounding the crime, he can only believe that there is a promiscuous disregard for individualism on the part of the courts. And this belief is buttressed when one is in daily contact with men who are serving sentences that cannot be completed in an average lifetime. In crimes for which the death sentence cannot be legally imposed, a flat sentence so excessive in years that it removes all hope is often substituted. It is conducive only to hopelessness and bitterness on the part of the men who embark on such bleak futures.

On January 3, 1941, the then Attorney General Francis Biddle, brought out the inequality and disparity between sentences imposed in different districts for similar offenses involving like circumstances in an address to congress.

On April 29, 1941, Congressman Walter introduced a bill to create an indeterminate sentence and parole board. On June 16, 1942, Senator Van Nuys introduced before the Senate a somewhat similar bill. Both bills were referred to the Committee on the Judiciary for consideration and report.

The wheels of government are notoriously

slow. Fourteen years later I ask, "What has happened to these bills?" The imposing of the flat sentences is both archaic and cruel. It does not approach the social problem of crime clinically, but rather, in certain flagrant circumstances, prejudicially.

Let us take a purely hypothetical case. We will take him through the courts both as they are conducted now and as they would be conducted under the indeterminate sentencing approach:

John Doe is thirty-two years of age. He has two previous convictions for robbery. He is charged with bank robbery and is found guilty. Let us see what happens when the probation officer's report is turned in. First it goes to the judge. The judge is supposed to read it thoroughly—study it. He is then to consider the offender's past history as well as the crime for which the offender stands convicted and the circumstances surrounding the crime and the conviction. The judge must then impose sentence appropriate to the case.

It is expected then that one man deliver a complete and fair judgment as a result of perusing the offender's past record and the crime and conviction for which the offender is now to be sentenced. This sounds logical and fair; it is being done every day. But when one considers that the man who passes sentence has only a matter of minutes to devote to each case, that which appears so logical and that which looks and sounds so fair becomes, in reality, an impossibility. And it is not only a matter of an inmate of a penal institution thinking so; many judges, attorneys, prison administrators and legislators agree that such is the case.



It is not a matter of judges not wanting to impose fair and impartial sentences but a matter of impossibility in those overloaded dockets where he has no choice between flat sentences and indeterminate sentences.

And this is directly contributory to the reason why John Doe, who is a three time loser, gets ten years while in another court a first offender gets the maximum twenty-five years for the same crime committed under similar circumstances.

Now let us take these two men to courts empowered to impose indeterminate sentences. Each man receives the maximum penalty for the particular crime he committed and of which he was found guilty. They are taken to the penal institution where they are to serve the time imposed upon them by the court's sentence. After approximately one year each man's case is carefully reviewed by an indeterminate sentencing board. There has been plenty time for the judge to review the case and recommend: there has been plenty time for the offender to take either an attitude toward rehabilitation or bitterness against the world. There has been time for the institution officials to determine whether or not the offender is a good risk or whether he is still benefiting from available opportunities within the institution. There has been plenty time for all concerned to thoroughly study the case, the individual, and the possibility of his reinstatement to so-

ciety as well as the conditions under which the particular individual should be released. Each offender is considered individually; each offender's case is thoroughly studied as an individual case and acted upon according to its merits. None of the factors pertinent to release as well as to further servitude is hastily considered or ignored.

The views expressed herein are not so much my views as the views of men and women who have made a lifetime study of penology. Here is what George B. Vold, Department of Sociology, University of Minnesota, has to say concerning indeterminate sentencing: The principle of the indeterminate sentence is both scientifically sound and administratively practicable...the essential purpose of providing protection for society...is...facilitated by the generally greater consistency in operation of a single sentencing agency as compared with the variety of conflicting views represented in the sentences imposed by numerous individual judges.

There are many, many more authorities whom I might quote here, but it is felt that it is unnecessary to do so simply because anyone who cares to give a little thought to the indeterminate sentencing vs. the definite sentencing system can readily conclude for himself that the indeterminate sentencing system far outweighs the other in advantages for both society and the prisoner.

## BOOKS

Continued from page 22

Russia and will inevitably become involved if anything develops between them. In our north we are building great chains of radar stations as a major part of our defense. They are to guard the country against Russian planes that might come from Siberia. But what is that Siberia like? A good book in our library on this subject is:

*Library Number 1504. Ruth Gruber. I went to the Soviet Arctic.* This book was written a "long" time ago, how time flies, just before the end of the war. But it does supply interesting information concerning developments in the mysterious and distant Russian north. When Miss Gruber wrote the book she worked for the United States Department of the Interior.

We might suggest for other types of reading two other titles:

*Library Number 1014. Earnest Thompson Seaton's America.* This is a fine and entrancing book of excerpts from the writings of Canada's great artist-naturalist who knew more of Canadian wild life than any other person and wrote of it an exciting way. Today not many read his books, but at one time no one in the whole world who knew how to read, omitted Thompson Seaton's books from his reading list.

*Library Number 1566. Joseph Kinsey Howard. Strange Empire.* The true story of the strange republic of the Metis of the Canadian northwest and of the destruction of the tribal power of the Indians and of the freedom of the half-breeds. The story of the rebellion of Louis Riel. A "western" to end all "westerns", and a must to all who love reading of Canada's yester days.

I sometimes wish that people would put a little more emphasis upon the observance of the law than they do upon its enforcement.



# PERKY POEMS BY PRISONER POETS

## Diamonds in the Rough

### MY SAINT VALENTINE GREETING

St. Valentine's day makes me blue,  
There's no one to say: I love you,  
No one to send card or candy,  
But with rhyming words I'm handy.

To all single ladies under the blue,  
From a romantic soul, to you,  
To your hair, be it blonde, dark or red,  
It suits you Darling; this is said.

Green, hazel, black or azure eyes,  
Likened unto sea or Heaven's skies,  
Young, or aged, short or tall,  
May be compared with Spring or Fall.

The maiden, as a bud to flower,  
The woman having graced a bower,  
Both like bud and bloom complete,  
Your beauty has left the world replete.

I send this poem to all the girls,  
With hair so straight or downy curls,  
Remember, short and stout, slim and tall,  
From me to you: I LOVE YOU ALL.

Gunner.

### MOUNTAINS

Majestic mountains of the west,  
Here is Canada at her best,  
Bountiful rivers, forests too,  
Peacefully sprawled neath roof of blue.

Proud cordilleras of the coast,  
Peaks cloud high as if to boast,  
Nothing else can ever equal,  
Nowhere will there be a sequel.

Long forever stretching height,  
Attesting to the Dominion's might,  
Proud guardians of Pacific shore,  
Shall like country last forevermore.

Gunner.

### WHEN I FEEL LOW

I thank you, God, sincerely for  
The blessings you bestow.  
But most of all for those you give  
When I am feeling low.  
When I am so discouraged and  
My heart is really sad  
Because I have been lazy,  
I know I have been bad.  
You give me encouragement  
You lift my tired feet  
And make me feel that life again  
Is wonderful and sweet.  
Sometimes I am so lonely,  
I am prompted to despair.  
Than your grace reminds me, God,  
How much you really care.  
How loving and forgiving  
And how good you are to me.  
I just want to do your will,  
For all eternity...

By Philip Za Za Hamilton.

### PROGRESS

Early man's grunts and squawks,  
Led to wars of clubs and rocks,  
As the male beasts vocabulary soared,  
He gallantly armed himself with sword.

His language turned to wit and pun,  
Next he equipped himself with gun,  
Up mounted his wordy gain,  
Till he learned to build a plane.

Word by word, noun to noun,  
Up mountain of knowledge to the crown,  
Each word closely piled in addition  
Brought homo sapien closer to fission.

This useful find will never be used,  
To heal the sick repair the bruised,  
Rather I fear a series of shocks,  
Will place us back to grunts and rocks.  
Gunner.

Our repentance is not so much regret for the ill we have done as fear of the ill that may happen to us in consequence.

La Rochefoucauld

The public has more interest in the punishment of an injury than he who receives it.  
Cato the Censor



# Editor's

## Musings

With the year now a lusty infant of one month, we are beginning to get used to heading our manuscripts with 56, like everything it took a bit of getting used to.

And from the amount of mail we are getting people are beginning to get used to us. Our circulation has increased with leaps and bounds much to our joy, and amazement.

Using the word amazement, here is an amazing accomplishment. A young French-Canadian chap currently engaged in taking the Vocational Electrical Course now ranks second in class standing. His mathematics have reached the point where he is now excused further attendance in Math. classes. On entering the Bay one year ago he could neither speak nor read English. Shows what can be done with a little ambition and study.

We make regular visits to the hospital to see the Marshall, he has a serious heart condition. Despite this he always manages a big smile, a joke, a bit of choice philosophy and continues to write his column for the Diamond.

Vekich from the Machine Shop is also a patient. He suffered a hand injury, however like the Marshall he keeps up a pleasant front. To complete the trio Rocci from the Vocational Masons was hospitalized for a few days. To one and all who made enquiries as to what Rocci's ailment was, rest assured, he is not, we repeat, he is not losing his hair. This puts a stopper on the rumour running rampant he was going bald.

We now have a hobbycraft class in leathercraft going full swing under the patient and skilled hands of Bill Brocklebank and Walter Czack. We feel they rate a vote of thanks and a pat on the back.

We extend congratulations to the following for winning Soccer awards for this season: Most sportsman like players, Eddie Martin and Adolphus Heisl. Most valuable player: Eric Johnson of the Black Pool Team. Top goalie award went to Miles Simpson of Rangers. Top scorer, no other than our popular and all round sportsman, the one and only Donny McLean.

Not much news in the daily papers lately, some embassy in Ottawa had a fire we gather. After preventing the firemen from entering by screaming about diplomatic immunity, they lodge complaints about the laxity of the fire department. Looks as though they want their cake and burn it too.

Thanks are extended at this time to the Salvation Army for their gift of a calendar and chocolate bar to each inmate at Christmas.

Joe C, the maintenance man left our population on a ticket-of-leave. Joe always had a smile and was ever willing to lend a hand. So long Joe, you leave a pile of friends and well wishers here in the Bay.

Fritzeley (in the Kitchen) is doing a good job for us and we go on record as saying we appreciate your efforts Fritz. And our old chum Mort. is in their helping, a great team doing a praiseworthy job.

We begin taking the pictures next week for our series: "Inside Collin's Bay" and it is amazing the interest already shown in our project. And the help offered to us, not only from inside, but from our supporters outside gives us great cheer and hope.

We wish to thank the K.P. Telescope for their mention of the Collin's Bay Library publication. But they mistook the author of Power of Books, the man who wrote this informative insertion is not Raymond Arthur Davies.

### CENSUS FOR DECEMBER 1955

LOW NUMBER .....	3229
HIGH NUMBER .....	4374
ON VOCATIONAL TRAINING .....	88
ON INDUSTRIAL TRAINING .....	321
Transferred From Kingston Penitentiary .....	25
Discharged: By Expiration .....	10
By Ticket-Of-Leave .....	12
By Unconditional Release .....	1
By Transfer .....	3
Total Population on December 31st. 1955 .....	400



# WHAT IS A.A.

**A**LTHOUGH Alcoholics Anonymous is universally known, many people do not comprehend the principle of the organization. Many believe that religion is what AA has to offer, while others who know the good work being done by the numerous AA groups shy away because of the fear that friends or business associates might ostracize a person known to be afflicted with the disease "alcoholism."

In the first place, Alcoholics Anonymous is not a religious organization. It is, instead a group of men and women afflicted with a problem common to them who have united to fight that affliction. They are people who admit they are compulsive drinkers — are powerless over alcohol — and cannot ever expect or hope to live normal lives if they do drink.

This does not mean that AA members are dedicated to prohibiting alcoholic beverages. On the contrary, they take no part in such controversial matters as prohibition or the non-control of alcoholic beverages. Their attitude is: if you can drink and control your drinking and you wish to continue drinking, then good luck to you. Many staunch AA members, in fact, keep a bottle or two in the house for friends who are social drinkers. But the AA members, on the other hand, will go to any length to aid those who need and want help.

The doors of AA are open to men and women of all creeds and color. The agnostic or the atheist is also welcome as is the minister or priest. The only requisite for joining a group is a sincere desire to stop drinking. I say sincere, because the program hinges on the words sincerity and honesty. He who is sincere and honestly tries cannot fail to 'make the program.'

There are few hard and fast rules in AA. The program is deliberately kept simple. And though meeting procedures may vary in different localities, stress is placed on the message of the Twelve Steps, not on protocol. The Twelve Steps and the Twelve Traditions are taught, explained thoroughly and debated in the most informal groups.

Those in authority are steadily whittling away at the jury system. Witness the countless number of new crimes enacted each year and the accompanying trial without a jury. The most shocking are the new provisions of the Criminal Code that permit a judge to find a man is a habitual criminal and sentence him to life imprisonment without a trial by jury.

Members are not forced to participate in meeting discussions, but very few do not sooner or later give their views and personal experiences. Men have been known to attend meetings steadily for two or three years without saying a word, but such instances are rare.

"Easy does it" is the key phrase of AA philosophy. The "serenity prayer" typifies this — "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change; courage to change the things I can; and wisdom to know the difference." It follows, therefore, that each member's opinions or beliefs are respected and no one does more than make helpful suggestions or give advice. No hard and fast rules are laid down as to how to make the program, aside from the following of the twelve suggested steps.

God enters AA in step three, but it is emphasized that it is "God as we understand Him." For example: a man may believe and understand that the "sun" is God. His belief is respected.

The anonymous part of AA is intended for those who wish to keep secret from the world the fact they are addicted to alcohol. Its anonymous status also was adopted because it was decided that the organization should never participate in controversial matters or endorse business or personal ideas, questions or products.

AA works miracles for more than an estimated 200,000 members. It works for the "ex-con", business man, minister, ex-bum, and millionaire.

Our old sponsor, Art H., frequently repeated to our group that any prisoner who lives the AA way of life when released will never return to prison. And when you get AA you have something worth clinging to — also, when AA gets you it will never let you loose or let you down.

If you have an alcoholic problem, drop into an AA meeting. You can only win by so doing — you can't lose.

Via MOUNTAIN ECHOES.





## QUALITY QUOTES

from **PENITENT PENS**

**THE MONTHLY RECORD** (Wetherfield, 9 Conn.) Every con is looking for a short-cut to freedom, but I say this is not shortening a con's sentence; it is replacing a citizen whose foot slipped. With crowded courts and rule-of-thumb laws, many men are sentenced who might better have been placed upon probation. The cost of setting up boards comparable to the army's would be offset by the savings made possible by the freeing of men the state would formally have had to feed and clothe in the institution.

**INSIDE WORLD** (Parchmand, Mississippi) Hardknocks won't hurt anyone — unless you are doing the knocking. We are living in a metallic age — when we start getting silver in our hair, gold in our teeth, and lead in our pants. Humiliation is an emotion caused by suddenly shrinking to our normal proportions. The older you get the more you realize that kindness is synonymous with happiness. Experience is a hard teacher. She gives the test first and the lesson afterward.

**ENCOURAGER** (Indiana, Michigan) Many who complain of no sunshine in their lives are often those who walk on the shady side of the street.

**RESTORATOR** New Cumberland, Pennsylvania) On many occasions, it is often heard that education is only for the few people who want it or who need it! But definitely not for them who detest it or feel no immediate need for it. What a false theory! What an attitude toward something that is or should be of vital concern to each and everyone of you.

**K.P. TELESCOPE** (Kingston, Ont.) If an inmate desires to learn he will do so and nothing will deter him. However, he may not spend his time learning that which educators would teach him. Instead he may spend it learning how to pick locks, blow safes or make explosives. If he desires to attend classes it is more profitable to give him an opportunity to do so than it is to divert his intellectual energy into illegal channels which will assure his speedy return to prison at great expense to the tax payer.

**THE LITTLE NUTMEG** (Danbury, Conn.) It is our thought that it is best to remain quiet when we do not know anything about the subject under discussion. Yet how many times have we seen and heard someone entering into the general conversation and forthwith offer his opinion (usually as the word of an 'expert' on the matter) on whatever topic is under fire at the time.

**PENSCOPE** (Moundsville, W. Va.) This is a far better world than many people make it out to be. Many wonderful people in it, many interests, and many things to learn about, no matter how long we may live. No one has ever learned all of anything.

**THE LITTLE NUTMEG** (Danbury, Conn.) There's a narrow margin between keeping your chin up and sticking your neck out.

**THE HOURS** (Kentucky) Real friends are those who, when you've made a fool of yourself, don't feel that you've done a permanent job.

**LANEDALE NEWS** (Rockwell City, Iowa) Classification is not a tool for discipline but rather an aid to better fit the individual for service out side. The purpose is to give new insight into themselves, to promote better personal relations with perhaps more stress on personality than on education. Someone said, "Where Orientation leaves off, Classification begins."

**THE MESSENGER** (South Dakota) The ability of our country to progress is owed to our national acceptance and promotion and education as much as anything else. Education must be bought and paid for. The money price is substantial though not a thousandth part of the price of ignorance. But the most important price is not measured in dollars and cents. It is the time, energy, interest and the equipping of the individuals to meet challenges of a changing world.





Dear Editor:-

I received your Christmas Issue and was first delighted by your attractive Yuletide cover.

My second delightful surprise was the contents, really you men put out a first quality production.

Sincerely hope you will accept my dollar for a year's subscription and please send me some subscription blanks for my friends.

May I thank you for sending me the free issue which introduced me to this fine outstanding magazine and every success in the future.

Mrs. G.B.B. Glen Road, Toronto.

Dear Madam:-

We are happy you received and appreciated our Christmas effort. And although we admired our Christmas cover modesty prevented us from any mention of it. Hope you find something to praise in our new cover which is to be permanent.

... Your lavish praise, dear madam, we soak up like a sponge and though we say "we really don't rate such accolades" we love them.

As to accepting your dollar, say lady, we just about tore the postman's arm off getting it away from him and into the hands of one of the bill collectors who haunts our Office.

We have mailed you 100 subscription blanks and please; the unused ones, please return to us.

In closing thank you muchly for your encouragement and praise.

C.B. Diamond

Dear Editor in Chief:-

Say, you people in Collin's Bay certainly have the facts on life in a penitentiary, and I enjoy each issue more and more.

Your article entitled "Peace On Earth" was indeed exceptional and I enjoy the stories by 4242.

To be brief, I read it from cover to cover, I must say you could do with some photographs though.

Sincerely Mr. R.V.B.

Dear Mr. R.B.

Life in a penitentiary we should know, we live in one.

We appreciate your enjoyment of our magazine and it is letters like yours that keep us going.

4242 should have some more stories for you shortly and as to pictures, see our March issue.

Dear Editor:-

Please do not mail our Diamond to our old address. We are in the process of finding new quarters and, shall let you know later where to mail it to.

The Soviet Embassy,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Sir:-

We shall withhold mailing of the Diamond until things cool off.

Sincerely hope you find suitable quarters soon. Bear in mind, we have plenty of room here.

FROM ONE WHO SHOULD KNOW

Dear Sir:-

I am truly sorry that I allowed my subscription to lapse. I hope the enclosure will suffice to cover one year's subscription to your C.B. Magazine.

I enjoy each copy as received and look forward to it.

I wish you every success in your good work in establishing your unique magazine, I would like to assist in a more substantial manner. However, as I am in my eighty sixth year I fear my best wishes are my limit.

Yours,  
R.F.G.  
Kingston, Ont.

Dear Madam:-

Thanks for your very gracious letter and may we assure you that your good wishes are to be always treasured by the Diamond Staff.

Letters like yours are too far apart in this modern day and it was as refreshing as a spring breeze in our work day life.

Sincerely hope we hear from you again and we repeat, thank you for your good wishes; God Bless you.



From AN EDITOR,

To AN ACTING EDITOR

**MOUNTAIN ECHOES — STONY MOUNTAIN, Man.**

Seldom does Transition hurl a brickbat in anger at another inmate journal. Nor is an exchange of insults between other penal publications particularly enjoyed here. Yet we must confess recent denunciations of the C.B. DIAMOND by you, and the Pathfinder, have our sympathy and support.

The petty fault-findings that have of late marred the pages of the junior penal publication from Ontario imply a superiority which even the most superficial study of its pages will reveal to be sheer presumption.

Fawning, pandering, snivelling and unseemly flag-waving are other DIAMOND flaws discernable without the aid of a jeweller's glass.

October issue of this sheet says editorially: "Collins Bay is reputed to boast as intelligent a group of prisoners as one would find anywhere in the world."

If this modest admission covers the Diamond writers, then the ultimate in insults has been achieved—by implication.

Because the only excuse which might be generally acceptable for some DIAMOND material is mental immaturity.

Reprinted from Nov. Dec. Issue "TRANSITION"

We have reprinted the above from the November Issue of Transition, the Penal Magazine of The British Columbia Penitentiary.

We follow along with their brickbat. It was warranted and we even say it was earned.

However, please notice we say "was" earned. If you have read the Sept. October Issue of the Diamond as thoroughly as your slap on the head would lead readers to believe, you would have found the ex-editor's 30 in the Editor's Page.

Now we find ourselves wallowing in the unpleasantness our predecessor caused. Fawning, pandering, snivelling and unseemly flag waving are not amongst our strong points. Nor shall they be part or parcel of our Editorial policy.

We hope to take our rightful place as a public

relations organ for our Inmate Population, a very necessary job and one that can and may do some good. And this work can be done in a manlike manner without snivelling, fawning, pandering and unseemly flag waving.

**Seldom does Transition** hurl a brickbat!! The Diamond, under our new staff **never will.**

We feel the Penal Press of our Penitentiary Population is too small to engage in petty bickering. We should be united to present our views to the outside public.

And in closing, we know we are the junior member of the Canadian Penal Press, further we know we are rank amateurs; but at least we do not engage in rebounding brickbats from one magazine to another.

THE MAIL BOX

C.B. Diamond:-

Please find enclosed \$1.00 for another year of your magazine. We enjoy it very much and we wish you continued success.

J.P., (Toronto.)

Dear Sir:-

Your \$1.00 saved us from bankruptcy and eviction from our Office. We had reached a new low, even for us.

We are very pleased you enjoy our efforts and we shall continue to try and satisfy your literary taste.

Thank you very much for your support, we need and appreciate it.

Dear Editor:-

Enclosed is my dollar for another year's snappy reading. Your magazine is just what the doctor ordered for harried hausfraus.

(CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE)

Shows us cooped up in four walls snowed under by dishes and diapers, what we prisoners can do if we set our minds to it. Things are looking up here on the outside and I guess I can spare a buck for material kids and I can all enjoy. A very good year to you all!

Yours truly, H.C.,

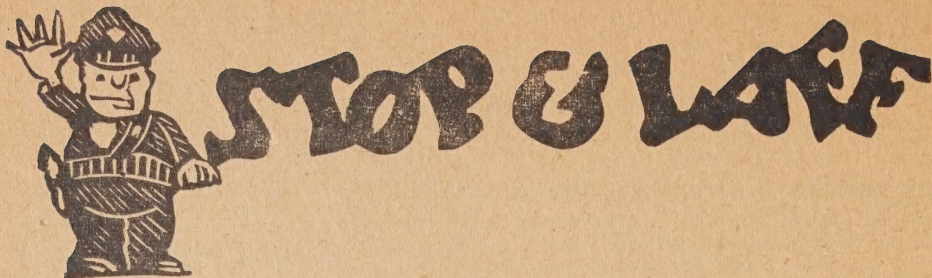
Dear Madam:-

We found your buck alright and we have put you down for another year of snappy reading.

We certainly enjoyed your comparison between a housewife and prisoners. However, your bonds are made of love and affection, ours....

Many reports filter through to us as to how things are looking up on the outside, and we can hardly wait to get out and see. Thanks for your support and good wishes.





*A woman was having a baby and her perplexed husband was pacing up and down the hospital corridor.*

*"I can't stand it," he pleaded to a nurse. "Could I speak to her?"*

*"Only for a second," she replied.*

*"Darling," he said, "are you sure you want to go through with this?"*

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*"Hey", said one moron to another, "you're big and fat, ain't you?"*

*"Yeah, I'm big and fat."*

*"What makes you so big and fat?"*

*"I eat Wheaties."*

*"You eat Wheaties and it makes you big and fat, huh?"*

*"Yeah".*

*"You've got nice square shoulders, too."*

*"I should have, I also eat the boxes."*

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*Casey consulted a crystal-gazer.*

*"My partner O'Malley died the other day", he explained. "I want to know if he went to heaven."*

*"If you give me five dollars, I will look," said the crystal-gazer.*

*So Casey gave her five dollars.*

*"Your partner O'Malley is just fifteen feet from the Pearly Gates."*

*"Tell Me more!" Pleaded Casey.*

*"It will cost you another five dollars."*

*"All right, here's another five dollars."*

*"Now I see him just five feet away from the Pearly Gates."*

*"Tell me more."*

*"It will cost you five dollars more."*

*"Nuts," said Casey. "If O'Malley can't jump the last five feet, let him go to hell."*

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A couple of GI's were having trouble with the gateman in a railroad depot. They were arguing and fighting. A young Captain came along and went over to them. "What's going on here?" he said.

"These two fellows," said the gateman, "want to go through the gate and they have no tickets. I know they're GI's and all, but I've got a job to attend to. They have no tickets so they can't go through."

"I'll take care of this." Turning to the soldiers, he yelled, "Attention! Forward march!"

The soldiers sprang to attention and the captain marched them right through the gate and onto the train.

"Break it up, boys," said the captain. "You're on the train."

"Gee, Cap," they said, "that's swell of you. You're a great guy. Thanks a lot."

"That's okay. I didn't have a ticket, either."



## A WORD TO THE WISE

A Civilization is judged by it's prisons.

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### *Collin's Bay Penitentiary Administration*

COLONEL VICTOR S.J. RICHMOND.....	Warden and Senior Officer
DAVID M. McLEAN .....	Deputy Warden
HERBERT FIELD.....	Chief Keeper
FRED SMITH.....	Principal Keeper
WILLIAM DOWNTON.....	Chief Vocational Officer
EDWARD OGILVIE.....	Chief Trade Instructor
HAYDN MINTON.....	Chief Accountant
HAAKON HAMNES.....	Chief Engineer
FREDERICK HARRIS.....	Warden's Secretary
CHRISTOPHER MacLEOD.....	Chief Steward
HOWARD PUTNAM .....	Storekeeper
CLARENCE HOGEBOOM.....	Supervisor, School and Library Dept.
FELIX McALLISTER.....	Schoolteacher
ERIC ATKINS.....	Deputy Warden's Secretary
JAMES DONALDSON.....	Censor
JAMES EDMUNDS .....	Physical Training Instructor
REVEREND CANON MINTO SWAN, M.A., B.D., E.D.....	Protestant Chaplain
REVEREND FELIX M. DEVINE, S.J.....	Roman Catholic Chaplain

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### *Department of Justice, Penitentiaries Branch Ottawa, Canada.*

MAJOR-GENERAL RALPH B. GIBSON, C.B., C.B.E., V.D., Q.C., LL.D.	Commissioner
L. PHILIPPE GENDREAU, M.D.....	Deputy Commissioner
RALPH E. MARCH B. Sc.....	Deputy Commissioner
GUSTAVE L. SAUVANT, B.A.....	Senior Assistant Commissioner
JAMES A. McLAUGHLIN.....	Assistant Commissioner
NEIL R. MacLEAN, C.A. ....	Assistant Commissioner

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## NOTABLE NOTATION

Every man is the maker of his own fortune.      Anon.



FROM:—

THE C.B. DIAMOND  
BOX 190  
KINGSTON, ONTARIO, CANADA

Authorized as second-class mail Post  
Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

TO:—

# SUPPORT YOUR MARCH of DIMES CAMPAIGN

Even such is time, which takes in trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with earth and dust;  
Who, in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days.

But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

Sir Walter Raleigh

## NOTICE

*If you would like to have a friend receive a complimentary copy  
of the **C. B. DIAMOND**  
please send a request to THE EDITOR, Box 190, Kingston, Ont.*